

The Sacred Ruins

#Chapter 21 - Read The Sacred Ruins Chapter 21

Chapter 21: Demon Ox Boxing

Chu Feng stood there like a deadman in shock and amazement. His eyes were fixated on the shadowboxing calf, dazed by its dexterity.

Yellow Ox stood upright on its hind hooves, steady and graceful. As it changed its gait, the pace was swift and violent, yet it also contained a natural elegance. This was not what a calf should be capable of.

Chu Feng watched on the sideline, deeply impressed.

Yellow Ox darted a cursory look at Chu Feng, but it did not halt upon sensing his presence. Its face wore the look of a showman with a brashness bordering on arrogance. It had always been the pompous type, surrounded by an air of conceit and egotism. It suddenly increased the strength of its punches, becoming ever so mighty and forceful.

Its body was of unparalleled agility. At times, its boxing style seemed like the movement of a bird of prey seizing small mammals with fists driving down with brutal forces. At other times, it drove its fists upwards with great ferocity. Each distinct movement was accompanied by a deafening sound of thunder, suffusing the atmosphere with frightful air.

Chu Feng was taken aback. There was a certain extent of frightfulness carried with each of its punches. Even while watching from afar, one could easily tell that this was indeed a legendary boxing style that could pack quite a punch.

Yellow Ox seemed cheerful and confident. It unfolded its fighting position and limbered up as part of the final routine of every shadowboxing exercise. However, as it darted a second glance at Chu Feng, its face froze when he realized that Chu Feng had not brought with him the communicator as he promised.

It stopped its punches straight away then turned its back on Chu Feng.

Chu Feng was still bewildered by the calf's sudden halt. He had yet to see enough of that legendary boxing style.

Then, it all clicked as he saw Yellow Ox's shifty eyes consistently giving him furtive glances as if it was trying to ascertain something.

This bastard was still thinking of the promise about the communicator!

"Yellow Ox, I've picked one of the latest communicators for you just then. It looked prestigious and high-end, but I didn't bring enough cash, so I have to come home again and withdraw some cash to buy that communicator for you. You will get it real soon!"

Yellow Ox listened keenly. A grin of evident delightfulness appeared on its face upon hearing Chu Feng's words. A genuine joyous smile instead of a blatant mocking gloat was really hard to come by on its face.

"What a pragmatic and calculating bastard," Chu Feng thought to himself.

Meanwhile, Yellow Ox started throwing punches once again, but the movement seemed more like a whimsical gesticulation than a proper boxing style. Then, it exhaled a sphere of white smoke as a closing position for this whole set of shadowboxing.

Chu Feng seemed rather speechless. "Need you have to be so pretentious? What a snobbish bastard."

"Moo!"

Seeing him yet to commit any actions, it vented out a blaring bellow to urge him to move.

Chu Feng turned around and walked away without demur. It went straight for a thrift shop half a li away. "Uncle Liu, can you grab me the most ancient and the cheapest communicator from your shop?" Chu Feng called for the shopkeeper as soon as he entered the door.

"Chu Feng? When did you come back?" Uncle Liu jabbed his presbyopic glasses back on his nose with his pinkie. He looked at Chu Feng with an amiable smile.

"Oh, I came back a few days ago. It's really been a long time since we last met. Are you still doing alright?" Chu Feng greeted with a smile.

"I'm fine. But what do you need an old-fashioned communicator for? Ain't all the youngsters nowadays fancy those new ones?" Uncle Liu seemed baffled.

"There's a purpose for it. Being somewhat backward isn't really a worry as long as it looks new and fancy," Chu Feng emphasized.

"Although this is a thrift shop, but no-one ever wants to buy an old-fashioned communicator from here. So, there is only a few left," Uncle Liu said.

He rummaged through all the chests and cupboards, carrying off all that he had. In the end, he did manage to find a few. Things like these were seldom bought by anyone except for those who wanted something old-school and something vintage for collection. "Otherwise, what's the worth of spending money for something almost dysfunctional," said Uncle Liu.

Chu Feng took a fancy to one of the larger ones. It looked new, and it had a glittering shine to its body.

"This is it! I will take this one!"

"Yeah, I mean, it does look new, but neither of its functionality nor practicality is even near to the level some of the others I've got here for you," said Uncle Liu.

"No, it's okay. This is good enough for me. Looking new is all that matters," Chu Feng insisted.

Uncle Liu was a bit speechless, but there was really nothing else he could add.

He put out a restraining hand when he saw Chu Feng trying to find money to pay for the communicator. "It's okay, this shabby old folk was so space-consuming anyway. It's probably for the better for me to give it away. Just take it. You don't need to pay."

"Right then, I will buy you some booze next time I come around." Chu Feng did not regard himself as an outsider, so he pleasantly took Uncle Liu's offer.

"Oh right, I forgot to tell you. There were a few young men who came here while you're not in town."

Uncle Liu brought this up just as Chu Feng was about to leave.

"For me?" Chu Feng was taken aback. "Who would come here for me?" If it had been his classmates or friends, they should have called him beforehand.

"All of them seemed pretty extraordinary to me. There was also a girl amongst them that looked pretty charming," Uncle Liu recounted.

Chu Feng left the shop with queries and questions. He could not exactly pinpoint who had been looking for him.

"Yellow Ox! Look! I've got you such a high-end communicator here. I reckon it's ten times better than the one I used," Chu Feng shouted as soon as he entered the yard.

Yellow Ox hastily rushed over. It scurried over on its hind hooves and seized the communicator with its front hooves. Then, it cuddled it with great affection.

The calf cast a cursory glimpse at the one Chu Feng was using, then it compared it with the one in its hand. It instantly regained its typical grinning look of mockery, showing profound despise to the one Chu Feng had in hand.

“You’re really not a virtuous kind, are you? I bought you the best of the best, and I don’t think I deserve to be mocked, do I? Uh, well. I guess it’s alright since I’m such a magnanimous person. I won’t dispute this with you any further. But hurry up, teach me how to practice the boxing style you were doing,” Chu Feng urged.

Yellow Ox did not respond to him, instead, it placed the communicator on the stone table and whimsically poked around on the screen with its front hooves.

But soon later, it burst into rage, because nothing seemed to have worked!

It turned around and glared down at Chu Feng with a peevish expression on its face.

“It’s not charged yet.” Chu Feng was on his usual reassuring presence. He only started speaking languidly after Yellow Ox had become agitated by the lack of response it received from its hysterical poking of the communicator.

“Moo!”

Yellow Ox carefully picked up the “best-of-the-best” communicator and presented it in front of Chu Feng, asking him to charge it immediately.

Its eyes almost popped out when he saw Chu Feng carelessly flinging the communicator onto a desk and plugging it with a rather arbitrarily selected charging cable.

The look on its face was telling him to be careful and not to destroy this piece of “high-end” product. At the same time, it had not forgotten to shed another contemptuous look to Chu Feng’s communicator.

Yellow Ox was in a frenzy as it poked around on the communicator in the middle of the charging process, but soon later, it seemed rather troubled by its lack of understanding of the characters displayed on screen. Although its interest did not seem to have dwindled as a result, the absence of a key to unlocking the secret of human language had proven to be a major hindrance to its ease of usage.

Yellow Ox came up to Chu Feng. It took him quite a while before he could comprehend the basic ideas that Yellow Ox was trying to convey.

“What do you want? Do you want me to move the contacts from my communicator to yours? Get the hell out of here!” Chu Feng entered a frenzy of rage for every time he was reminded of the calamity the calf had brought upon many of his friends last time.

Yellow Ox was interested in its function that allowed people who lived thousands of li apart to communicate with each other with ease, but how could Chu Feng allow such wishes of Yellow Ox to be realized?

Having realized that to gain access to the contacts was out of luck the calf asked Chu Feng to teach it how to read those video reports and news.

“If you know words and characters, everything would become easy. Communication, reading newspaper and watching videos will all become much less problematic once you learn how to speak the words we speak.” Chu Feng tried to skilfully give it a methodical and systematic guidance. Teaching the golden calf to read and speak was a plan he had had in mind for more than a few weeks.

As expected, Yellow Ox nodded with great pleasure. It came to this world with odd intentions, but if it could distinguish the words and characters that had prevailed in the communication system between people, it felt things would work out in a much easier way.

“You teach me your boxing style and I teach you my language,” Chu Feng said with a gritty look on his face.

Yellow Ox glared at him with a testy look, then it bellowed. It seemed like the calf was complaining about the fact that Chu Feng had planned beforehand in trying to exploit it.

“After all, this is a deal in favor of you. I see this world as nothing but a calamitous pile of mess, so I have to learn the boxing style to survive. Only if I could live for long enough could I help you find that strange little bush on Kunlun Mountains,” Chu Feng said.

Yellow Ox finally nodded as a form of agreement to the deal.

In the following three days, Chu Feng had dedicated himself to the practice of this boxing style. It was a hard style to master as every punch was required to be thrown in unison with great power.

He used to practice free combat. Although he had an unorthodox technique, he was an excellent fighter. However, the boxing style he was learning with Yellow Ox right now was completely different from past experience. With every punch that had been thrown, Chu Feng could feel his fist peppered with a layer of strange and mythical power.

Especially when he, as asked by Yellow Ox, threw punches while breathing as he did when practicing the special breathing exercises, he felt even more extraordinary. Occasionally, his fist could produce a deafening rumble of thunder.

Chu Feng was pleasantly surprised, completely enthralled by the practice.

Yellow Ox had also learnt quite a few words. It was an intelligent animal as well as a fast-learner, so Chu Feng dared not to teach it more than he needed to. He euphemistically described their lack of progress as “consolidation of those learnt in the past”, so he did not need to be worried that Yellow Ox might cease from teaching him its boxing style once it learned enough words and characters from him.

Meanwhile, Zhou Quan had nearly gone insane.

Since the only contact in Yellow Ox’s communicator was Zhou Quan so far, it rang him up every time the calf felt like to.

Sometimes, the calf called him at noon, and sometimes, at midnight. Sometimes, it made the call at the break of dawn. It was clear that, wittingly or unwittingly, the calf would ring up for Zhou Quan and make a few sounds of bellow whenever it was free.

“Goddamn it! Demon Ox! One day, I will go there and slaughter your pathetic ass. Call me at midnight? Sure! I will give it a pass. But why the hell are you calling me now? It’s only dawn and I just fell asleep. I’m freaking sick and tired of your stupid crap!”

Zhou Quan sounded more than just irritated, but he could not turn off the communicator when the world had become a place of lawless violence and chaos. His family and his friends were yet to come back to reunite with him, so he needed the communicator to stay in touch with them.

“I warn you, if you’re gonna disturb me again, I will come over and stew you alive!” Zhou Quan was exasperated.

However, Yellow Ox took pleasure in Zhou Quan’s anger. Constantly harassing Zhou Quan had become an addiction to it.

“Chu Feng, look at this mess you’ve caused. Argh...”

Zhou Quan wanted to cry but had no tears.

On the fourth day, Yellow Ox had already mastered a number of vocabulary. As asked by Chu Feng, it wrote down the name for the boxing style.

Although the words were written in a crooked and askewed fashion, but they were at least legible.

“Demon Ox Boxing,” Chu Feng read it out.

Yellow Ox’s chest swelled proudly, and its eyes glowed. It held its head erect with pride and conceit. Obviously, the calf gloried in this set of boxing style.

“What an unfashionable name!” Chu Feng said.

“Moo!”

Yellow Ox turned exasperated. It raged and roared. Its thunder-like howl trembled the whole house.

“You stay at home and I will go out to deal with some things.” Chu Feng hastily retreated outside the house. He then headed towards the workshop of Grandpa Zhao. By his reckoning, the forging of the crossbow and bolts he asked for should have already been completed.

There were plenty of customers in his workshop. In the middle of an unrest, anyone would like to get something for self-defense.

“Hey buddy, I’ve made your bows and bolts a long time ago. I was even thinking of personally bringing them to you if you didn’t come today,” Grandpa Zhao said.

“Thanks, Grandpa Zhao. I’m so grateful,” Chu Feng said with a smile. He lifted up the package that Grandpa Zhao had given him. It contained the crossbow and its bolts, so it was understandable that the baggage felt quite burdensome.

On the way back, he passed by the thrift shop. He was greeted by Uncle Liu, “Hi, young lad! I just saw those young folks who came last time for you heading towards your house. Oh! But it was not as many people though.”

Chu Feng was taken aback. Who were they? And why were they coming for me? In a time like this when roads and railways had all seen disconnected, who would still dare to travel this far? He grew increasingly doubtful.

Chapter 22: The Gate-Crasher

The street was quiet and peaceful. Chu Feng walked along the narrow lane towards his house that was situated in the east end of the village. It was adjacent to the acres of orchid farm in a secluded and quiet location, but everything seemed ever so cozy and peaceful.

Would Yellow Ox get into trouble? This was a worry that bothered Chu Feng every time he left it by itself. The calf was seldom a law-abiding citizen of the house. Almost every action it committed went beyond its bounds. Although he had repeatedly urged it long ago to stay hidden whenever strangers approached, Chu Feng was not confident that Yellow Ox would abide by these rules.

Its golden fur looked staggeringly luster and bold in anyone’s eyes. Everything about it seemed queer and out of place.

The yard was quiet. There were no sounds of men's shouting or ox's bellow. This was a slight relief to Chu Feng.

He frowned as he entered the yard. There was no-one to be seen. Weren't there someone looking for him? They should not have left the place so promptly.

Chu Feng had always been curious this whole time. He wanted to know who exactly wanted to see him when all means of transportation had been cut off, and stepping on anywhere could potentially mean harm or even death.

This time, he did not want to miss them. He was eager to meet up with them.

Suddenly, the shadow of a man emerged on the balcony at the second floor. It was the silhouette of a young man. Just as Chu Feng thought it was only his imagination; the man showed himself on the balcony. He looked down at Chu Feng and measured him with his eyes.

Chu Feng was slightly unimpressed. He had never seen this man before, so it was indeed quite rude of him to barge into his house without any permission.

Chu Feng found it particularly distasteful when that young man still remained silent and calm, indifferently looking down at Chu Feng with an aloof expression. His demeanor made it as if he was the master of this house.

"Who are you?" Chu Feng asked. Was this one of the young lads referred to by Uncle Liu? But he could not recall ever seeing him before.

"Zuo Jun," the young man replied. He wore a clean buzz cut. His eyes were brimming with radiating vigor. One might not consider him handsome, but it was undeniable that he had a lot of class even as a young man. He looked swift and fierce, and quick and forceful.

One could easily tell that he was not just an ordinary man. He looked like someone who retired from special forces or at least the military.

But he was only a look-alike. An air of excessive vigor and conceit surrounded him, making him unlike someone who would be willing to accept orders.

"I don't know you." Chu Feng glared at him.

"You know me now, don't you?" Zuo Jun said. He was fairly composed. He measured Chu Feng with an intense gaze, as if he was surveying something from Chu Feng's body.

Chu Feng felt disgusted and averse to the treatment he was receiving from this stranger. He was at his own house, but this man seemed to have forgotten its status as

a guest. His menacing stance and his careless attitude towards Chu Feng seemed to have turned him from a guest into a host.

“Get out of here if you have no business to deal with me. I said it and I will say it again. I don’t know you! So, please get out!” Chu Feng gave orders for him to leave.

“Do you think I would be interested in staying at such a shabby slum. I have been entrusted by someone to pay you a visit,” Zuo Jun said.

“Entrusted by whom?”

Zuo Jun did not reply. He completed a full circle around Chu Feng, measuring him with his eyes and acting recklessly as if he cared for nobody. He had been scrutinizing Chu Feng ever since he stepped into the yard, and now his gaze was only getting creepier and creepier.

“You’re only a bit more handsome than them. Apart from this, nothing of you still stood out,” Zuo Jun concluded.

“What a self-righteous prick.” Chu Feng felt more and more disgusted. It was only the first time they met, so no-one had really known much about each other. However, this man somehow gave him such a conclusion.

“Don’t feel offended. I’m only telling you the truth. Labelling you as ‘ordinary’ was to save you your face.” Zuo Jun did not feel like being reserved in the comments he had been giving at all. He had the eyes of a hawk, looking straight into Chu Feng’s eyes. “People like you are just too ordinary to be of any use. The world has changed, and I reckon if everything goes as planned, you will only become one of those who were usually classified as the bottom of the society. You are just a grassroot.”

“Are you fcking mad?” Clearly, the man’s blatant insult had pushed Chu Feng over the edge. This young man talked with the magisterial authority of the head of something while he looked no more than just the pawn of a cult group.

“Get the fxck out of here!” Chu Feng pointed towards the gate of the yard.

“Get out?” There were full of thorny provocations in the eyes of Zuo Jun. His tanned face coupled with his stiff hair gave him the impression of an unyielding man.

“What makes you think that you’re at the position to talk to me like that?” He shook his head in amusement.

“Do you really think so highly of yourself? What makes you think you can just bluff and bluster in front of my house? What makes you worthy of swaggering before others?” Chu Feng remained calm and restrained. He tried to the best of his ability not to hurt him.

“Do you think I came here just for you? Taihang Mountains is a magnificent mountain range. It is worthy to be called as one of the world’s most renowned ranges. Nowadays, the world had become laden with piles of unexpected treasures, so my time is very precious. If it were not for the sake of someone whom I truly respect, what makes you think that I will come to this damnable place? I only stop by to check on you upon request of that respectable wo... old man,” Zuo Jun coldly said.

“You can leave now. I don’t need you to see me.” Chu Feng looked at him with a frown. He would rather rot in a despicable dark corner than to be a receiver of a visit like this one.

Chu Feng no longer cared about him. He went straight upstairs into the study. There were some papers on which Yellow Ox had been scribbling when Chu Feng taught it how to write, and this was exactly where Zuo Jun had been barging in.

Zuo Jun sneered at Chu Feng. “Don’t you see what the world has become? Well, I guess for people like you who live at the bottom of the society, coming in terms with the changes of the world is never possible, isn’t it? These changes, however significant they are, can only be known to you afterwards, because you never understand how much of a difference there is between you and me.”

He felt quite at will. He followed Chu Feng into Chu Feng’s study.

“I will ask you again. Leave! Now!” Chu Feng had had enough of him, so he shouted.

“Fool!” The look on Zuo Jun’s face turned cold. “Fools like you know nothing.”

Then, he said with a contemptuous look, “It was only out of sheer luck that you’ve come to know that person. And now because that person values the past that you’ve had together, you have the fortune to see someone like me talking to you. But who knows what will turn out in the future. Once you’ve become a forgotten past, you will just be a speck of dust in the middle of a desert. Can you perceive the difference between gods and beggars? You crossed path with her during those teenage years. Spending a few days together during which you dared not to even walk abreast with her, but that is it. That’s all that will rot in your memory in that pathetic brain of yours.”

Chu Feng calmly watched him as he spoke, then he said, “Are you done? Now fxck off!”

“Don’t shout and wrangl at me. Do you still not understand? The significant difference between you and me meant throwing insults at me like that is a sin. It’s a condemnable blasphemy,” Zuo Jun coldly said.

Then, he looked at Chu Feng and said, “Go pack up your stuff. You’ll come with me to the city.”

Chu Feng had to clench his jaw to suppress his anger as he gradually regained his composure. "Why are we going there?" Chu Feng asked. He struggled to contain his rage in order to know more about this man's plan.

"I am part of an excursion team responsible to investigate the area around Taihang Mountains. Right now, our men are resting in the city. Someone has asked me to keep you alive. That's my entrusted objective, so I will have to do my best to ensure the safety of yours," Zuo Jun calmly said.

"Excursion team? A group of men?" Chu Feng was baffled.

"Thank you, but I'm quite well here. I have no intention of moving to the city yet." Chu Feng refused his request, then he asked, "What sort of men and what sort of excursion team are you part of?"

Although he had made some possible conjectures on his mind, he wanted to make sure that they were right.

"As an ordinary man, it's for the better that you don't know the things you're not supposed to know. Just remain in your proper sphere, accept your position in life and behave yourself. You can keep your curiosity to yourself." Zuo Jun had lost his patience, so he demanded in a rather condescending attitude.

"You can leave now, and I'm coming with you." Chu Feng exited the study.

"You really think you're a tough scrub, don't you? Do you want me to call over the others to pick you up?" Zuo Jun threatened.

"Huh?"

Zuo Jun noticed a black dagger in an inadvertent glimpse as he passed by Chu Feng's bedroom. He paused there at once, then he headed directly towards it.

"Don't mess with it!" With a sharp reflex, he tailed right after Zuo Jun and grabbed the dagger before he did.

"Judging by the antiquity and ancience of it, this is definitely an extraordinary piece of weaponry. Did you run into it by coincidence? Give it to me! I want to see!" Zuo Jun lowered his voice and said in an imposing manner. His request sounded almost like a commanding order.

It was the black dagger Chu Feng took from that ancient dead man hanged in that tangle of vines. There was also a fallen satellite on the site that had stirred him up quite a bit.

"This is my possession. How I got it is none of your business." Chu Feng rejected.

“The sword body is actually not bad. In addition, it also has this vintage feel attached to it. How about this? You give me this dagger as a gift presented to me at this first meeting of ours, and I will take care of you in the future. Otherwise, it will only become a waste in the hands of an ordinary person like you. The fact that it stayed in your possession is like casting pearls before the swine.”

Zuo Jun made no scruples when speaking these uncivil words, since there was nothing that made him feel qualm. His words were especially egocentric and piercing to the ears of those who listened.

Chu Feng coldly looked at him without speaking a word.

“Give it to me!” Zuo Jun stretched out his hand, demanding for the dagger.

Chu Feng ignored him.

Zuo Jun went a step further and tried to take it by force. He knew that this dagger would have been an outstanding weaponry the moment he saw it. How could he bear to leave it in the hands of someone he thought unworthy of keeping it?

Boom!

At this moment, Chu Feng’s forbearing restraint disappeared into thin air. He wanted to exercise restraint no more, so he threw a deadly punch straight into the kidney area of Zuo Jun’s body. Upon impact, his torso became crooked like a dried sea shrimp. The blow sent him into the air with a thunderous rumble.

Agony was written all over his face. He looked pale and shocked. It was hardly worthy of his belief that he could be wounded by whom he perceived as a despicable ordinary man. He could feel that it was a blow of immense strength and intensity.

Chu Feng felt extremely powerful. At this very moment, his body looked slightly glittering and translucent. That fragrant smell emanated from his body. If this had been happening in the ancient times, it could have been said that Chu Feng had been sanctified.

What a mighty punch that was!

Chapter 23: The Others

Zuo Jun’s face seemed a bit contorted. It was a pain of profound acuity. He felt as though his underbelly had been torn apart, and the lining of his intestines and stomach disconnected.

The blow sent him into the air, and with a boom, he was thrashed into a wall. The room trembled upon impact.

Chu Feng's strength was ten times that of an ordinary person. If this punch had been received by an average man, all his bowel contents would have been torn and damaged. It would have felt like being smashed by a falling boulder, and no-one would recover from the damage dealt by that.

Zuo Jun's body crooked like a dried shrimp. He lay on the side with great agony. However, he still seemed rather tough and tensile. With great pain, he propped himself up using his hands, then he stayed in a posture that made him seem ready to retaliate.

A strange look emerged on Chu Feng's face. He knew how much power his punch had carried. If he had given in a little more force with a bit more power, he could easily penetrate his opponent's body, and that would be fatal.

However, to his surprise, Zuo Jun seemed all well and sound from that blow. He even wanted to fight back.

Chu Feng was a firm and resolute man. He strode forward towards the injured man with a lightning speed. With a track record of a hundred meters in two and a half seconds, he got beside the lying body of Zuo Jun before he could raise up. Without hesitation, he stomped on him.

Boom! It was another deafening blow. Zuo Jun gave a choked cry as soon as the stomp landed on his back. He seemed to be in great agony. His face became even more contorted and even more hideous.

He lay flat on the floor and failed to make another move.

He turned angry from embarrassment. How could an ordinary man possess such power? Only moments earlier, he still regarded him with a contemptuous look that speak of his despise on him.

Moment later, he was severely injured, and he could not even get his breath anyhow.

"You're gonna die!" He grunted. The bones that were hidden beneath his flesh and blood started crackling with explosive sounds. It seemed as if his body was about to bloat and increase in size.

Chu Feng did not want his bedroom to incur any more damages that this battle could bring to it. He lifted him up then threw him from the balcony straight at the concrete ground below.

"Chu Feng, you've successfully pissed me off! I will make you suffer a living death!" Zuo Jun shouted cruelly as he dropped into the yard below.

However, he had underestimated Chu Feng's speed. Chu Feng vaulted over the fence and jumped off the balcony in the blink of an eye. He landed right on the Zuo Jun's back.

Boom!

Upon the two simultaneously landing on the ground, the yard trembled. Thus, it was clear just how astonishing their tremendous power was.

Zuo Jun had laid flat on the ground, so he basically landed with Chu Feng stomping on top of him. The fall and the stamp cracked every single bone within his body, then there was another deadly stomp on his kidney.

"Puff!"

A rush of blood erupted from within Zuo Jun's mouth. Blood saturated the ground around him. This time, he was truly badly injured.

Chu Feng was shocked. He had always been relatively reserved in his force as he worried that he might kill him if he wasn't careful. But now it seemed like it had been proven that he had worried too much. However badly Zuo Jun had been injured, nothing seemed fatal to him.

Boom!

Chu Feng stood on his enfeebled body then stomped him again with an extraordinary force. He realized that he had been too reserved in his previous attacks. His opponent could stand far more damage than he thought.

Zuo Jun gave a choked cry. A sudden convulsion shook him and sent him to a state of spasm. However, at the same time, his body was also drastically bloating. It had dramatically changed its shape and size at the critical moment of Chu Feng's deadly blows, deflecting the force away from his body's vital organs.

Despite so, Chu Feng's strikes raked his whole body. His back felt as if it had been blasted away. There were many violaceous footprints on his back. Blood kept on dripping at the corners of his mouth.

With a thunderous boom, Zuo Jun turned his body over and freed himself from the Chu Feng's suppression. He went straight up and put his feet back on the ground. His movement trembled the earth and swayed the mountains.

Chu Feng gave a gasp of surprise at Zuo Jun's resilience. Was he even a human? How could his body evolve into such a state within such a short period of time?

Meanwhile, Zuo Jun's body was undergoing a major shake-up. It grew from 5'11" to 10'2" at the beat of a heart. His clothes had become all tattered and ragged, sluggishly drooping from his body.

His naked body turned to a muddy color. Vaguely, Chu Feng could see a layer of yellow fog revolving around the giant.

His torso had become a display of maximum masculinity. Muscles bulged out of his flesh.

He weighed at least six hundred jin right now. Glittering luster ran across from muscle to muscle. He was the perfect example of maximal virility. He was stern, tough and strong. It packed a strong visual impact for its beholders.

Everything about him suggested tremendous explosive power associated with this form of his body.

How could one become so huge at the blink of an eye? Chu Feng could not get his head around this.

"Chu Feng, I admit that I have misjudged you by sight, but you shouldn't challenge me. I'm one of the 'Others'." Zuo Jun's muffled voice echoed in the yard.

A blaring boom ensued every time he made a step. The ground was also trembling with each of his step forward.

Boom! Although he had a bulky torso, he was not a cumbersome kind. With great ease, he leapt forward a few meters, positioning himself right in the face of Chu Feng. His palm was as big as a cattail leaf fan. He directed his hand directly to the head and face of his opponent.

This would have been a skull-crushing blow if it struck the head of an ordinary man.

It was evident that Zuo Jun had turned exacerbated. He wanted to defeat Chu Feng without respect to any possible consequences. He wanted the cathartic feeling of a revenge done right.

But then again, he had underestimated the speed Chu Feng possessed. He easily stepped aside and dodged the blow of this giant hand. He then wasted no time before he punched Zuo Jun's kidney for a second time.

Since he had no idea of the power that was carried in his opponent's fist, his best option was to avoid direct contact.

Zuo Jun was still rather conceited. He did not try to dodge Chu Feng's punch. He tensed his abdominal muscle, preparing to counter it directly. At the same time, he also

stretched out his giant hand and swung it towards Chu Feng. He wanted to clutch him in his fist.

Boom! It was the sound of Chu Feng jabbing the abdomen of Zuo Jun. Chu Feng felt his fist numb and tingling, while Zuo Jun, upon impact, staggered, tottered and stumbled a few steps back.

His face had a painful look. He could have never guessed that his abdomen could still feel a piercing pain even after he had metamorphosed into this form. How powerful was he?

His current force was a fairly special one. Its rarity bordered on the level of mythology. If this were in the ancient times, he could be counted as the greatest fighter among the best.

Moreover, there were still room for it to evolve. Eventually, he could become an invincible god.

For the past few days, his ego had gradually become drastically inflated. He felt like he had transcended the boundary of a worldly being and entered the holy land of a saint. He positioned himself in a different world to those he deemed ordinary. He treated himself as a totally different species.

In fact, he had always been triumphant in all of his recent encounters. He defeated a ravenous tiger, and then he single-handedly killed an array of beasts and birds of prey. He had routed everything wherever he went.

Right now, seeing how a non-mutated ordinary person had almost vanquished him, how could he not be surprised?

Zuo Jun's pupils constricted. His blood ran cold. He could not bear the thought of letting this person in front of him stay alive. He wanted him dead even though this could mean blames and condemnations later on.

He tightened his fist and a plume of yellow fume rose from his muddy body. It was a breath of violence and hatred.

Chu Feng was certain that he was capable of blocking his opponent's punch after the last exchange of blows. He asserted that despite his opponent's significant advantage in size, their blows were almost of the same weight. Chu Feng had grown confident and fearless.

Zuo Jun vented out another muffled growl. His body seemed enlarged once again. He swung his hand in Chu Feng's direction with a fearsome combination of speed and power.

Chu Feng did not flinch back. He exerted all his power along with his terrifying speed. His fist could easily crash and shatter a boulder.

Pong! Pong! Pong!

The two were engaged in a hand-to-hand fight of great peril. Not only did Chu Feng fearlessly fight him fist-to-fist, at times, he also swiftly reached to the back and the side of Zuo Jun, fiercely attacking his soft spots.

Right now, Chu Feng seemed to have given it all without reserving anything.

Pong! After many exchanges of blows between them, Chu Feng suddenly cropped out behind his opponent's back. With a deadly punch, Chu Feng sent Zuo Jun's giant torso right into the air, then it landed in the distance.

Mud splashed in the parterre as this ten-foot giant crushed into the dirt.

"DIE!"

Zuo Jun became angry from shame. His pupils turned cold, then it gained a faint golden hue, similar to the color of his muddy skin. His body started bulging again as every single bone within his body began crackling.

At the same time, another yellow fog emerged around his right arm, then all of a sudden, his right hand became much bigger.

Boom!

He sprang on Chu Feng. His right hand was indeed very special. It had become an amber millstone with a size much larger than his left hand.

The hand clamped down on top of Chu Feng with the aim of crushing him whole under it.

It was a scene both deadly and horrifying. It was a mixture of gases in green and khaki-grey. The gases exploded in the air, suffusing the atmosphere with a breath of horror.

Chu Feng was taken aback. As he tried to nimbly dodge the clamping hand, his brain was also running fast in trying to think of a way to counter the blow. The boxing style taught by Yellow Ox was yet to be fully mastered, so in the end, he had to resort to that breathing system, hoping that this might help him adjust his strength and power.

Suddenly, Chu Feng felt that his body had become ever so full of strength and vitality. He shook his fist and took a swipe at the clamping hand.

Puff!

Blood burst off in all directions. Chu Feng's fist had penetrated that millstone-like palm. It was a scene so astonishing that even he himself had been astounded.

"Uh..."

Zuo Jun screeched in profound agony. His face became pale as a sheet. He stumbled back while blood profusely dripped from his palm. His bones started crackling again, but this time, it sounded like a balloon deflating. His body was shrinking in size.

It was not long before his size returned to normal. The muddy color had all dissipated. Zuo Jun looked sagged and ignoble. He tumbled on the ground, crying in pain.

"Is this all the power that grants you that inflated ego of yours? Is this what makes you think that it is justifiable to look down on other people?" Chu Feng glared down at Zuo Jun.

Zuo Jun was ever so terrified. He knew that his estimation of Chu Feng's ability had been far off the mark. How could this man in front of him possibly be an ordinary person? Although he had none of the features that belonged to the "others", he was a truly fearful man.

His heart palpitated. He was afraid that Chu Feng might kill him.

"How many of you guys are here? What's your purpose for coming to Taihang Mountains? Tell me from the start to the end of everything you know."

Chu Feng had made a few bold assumptions to answer the questions of his own, but he wanted to hear him to say something in order to prove him right.

Even though Zuo Jun seemed quite frightened and afraid to die, his strength of character and moral integrity had gotten the better of him. His lips were sealed no matter how he was threatened.

Chu Feng pounded him right at his nose without scruple. This part of the face was especially susceptible to pain. It could easily contract great pain even with a light jab, let alone a pounding thump like this.

He was still reticent, firmly biting onto his lips.

Meanwhile, the furtive Yellow Ox stuck its head out from one of the rooms with a treacherous look, then it slowly walked into the yard.

It promised it would hide when there were strangers, and sure enough, it did.

But Chu Feng was doubtful. He bet that the reason why this cheeky bastard had to stay hidden for so long was mostly because of cowardice and partly because it wanted to

enjoy this epic fight from a comfortable position at which he could stay unharmed. When desperate times called for desperate measures, he reckoned that Yellow Ox would, at most, be a useless piece of crap.

Chu Feng did not want Yellow Ox to be revealed to a stranger. As such, he punched another three or four times at the nose and eyes of that poor man. He was very meticulous about the strength he used. The punches were not designed to injure, but they were enough to make him bellow with pain and close his eyes.

“What a nuisance this is.” He felt that everything was headache-inducing, especially when this man was so stubborn and reluctant to reveal what was hidden. He seemed like the type who would rather die than to tell a secret. How was he going to deal with him?

Kill him? He felt it was difficult to put his hand to. After all, everyone here had been enjoying their lives as a citizen of a civilized society. He could not just blatantly take another man’s life. This was not a scene from a martial arts fiction in which one could simply slit the throat of another and walk away without a faltering conscience.

If he let him go, more troubles would definitely ensue after.

But imprisoning him would not be a safe measure either. If Zuo Jun went missing, his companions would without doubt come to look for him. When they would make a punitive expedition against him was anyone’s guess.

“How can I resolve this mess. It would be the best case scenario if he could just easily forget about the things that have happened today,” Chu Feng mumbled.

Having heard Chu Feng’s mumble, Yellow Ox walked towards Chu Feng with a gentle stroll. Leisurely, it printed a shapeless and twisted word on the dirt road: Easy.

“You have an idea?” Chu Feng was surprised.

Yellow Ox nodded.

“Then hurry!” Chu Feng urged in exultancy.

Yellow Ox unhurriedly approached Zuo Jun. It gave him a meticulous scrutiny, then suddenly, it turned on its trusty old hooves and forcibly trampled the man’s head.

“Wait! Stop! You’re gonna crack his goddamn head!” Chu Feng was taken aback as he rushed to stop it. He knew how strong this calf was, but he would have never thought that it would stomp on Zuo Jun’s head with that much force.

Zuo Jun hissed and screeched at first, then with a resolute determination, he fainted. But even as he fell into a coma, his body still twitched and jerked convulsively. White froths was foaming at his mouth as his head hysterically shook.

“How on earth is this a good idea?” Chu Feng questioned.

Yellow Ox once again sluggishly wrote a few words on the dirt ground. They were still crooked and askewed, but they were clearly legible: Memory, gone.

“You...” Chu Feng was at a loss. This demon ox was really not one of the good kinds. Just like that, this bastard put that poor man to sleep. Well, let’s hope he won’t remember any of these.

Chapter 24: The Simplest is the Greatest

Chu Feng stared at Yellow Ox with an odd expression. He thought that Yellow Ox might perhaps give free play to some strange magical measures, but who would have thought that it would resolve to such a brutal action!

“Are you sure it’s as simple as that?” Chu Feng was a bit doubtful. To him, the calf’s actions seemed a bit too crude. Clearly, it had not given any considerations to the technical aspects of a human brain, so it seemed like a rather unreliable mean to achieve the optimal result he wanted.

Yellow Ox still seemed fairly calm. It moved exasperatingly slowly, then it drew a few rather unsightly words on the ground: The simplest is the greatest.

Chu Feng was struck dumb in astonishment.

Brutally stomping on a man’s head was surely the simplest task to accomplish, but... how could it be worthy of the word “Greatest”?

“My head... mountains have squashed my skull... I’m... I’m going to die.” On the ground lay the poor Zuo Jun himself. Froths were foaming at his mouth while he raved in his delirium.

It was thus evident just how traumatizing the injury Yellow Ox had caused. His conscious mind had all been muddled. He shouted in pain even as he had lost all consciousness.

“Is he going to be okay? Is there going to be a distressing sequela to the injury? What do we do if he won’t wake up again?”

Earlier, he had been questioning the effectiveness of the measure Yellow Ox had taken. Now, the degree of Zuo Jun's head trauma seemed like a much severer issue at hand.

Yellow Ox had never been considerate in the extent of the force it should apply to its opponent's body. Most importantly, the calf was not really a benevolent kind either, so no-one really knew what would ensue as a result of its brute force.

Chu Feng could even feel the pain himself at the sight of Zuo Jun's profound agony.

Although Zuo Jun had lost all consciousness from the blow applied to his head, the convulsion of his body had never ceased for a second. His torso continuously wavered and wobbled in a rhythmic pattern.

"Is this what they call 'the wicked always have their own cattle'?" Chu Feng murmured. He searched Zuo Jun's body in hope to find something queer or something mystical.

There were daggers and other weaponries made of alloy. Although they all looked rather extraordinary, none of them could compare with the black dagger.

At last, Chu Feng found a map made of animal furs in his arms. It did not seem obsolete or outmoded, so it should be something recently produced.

Presumably because paper was prone to damage or tears, maps made of animal furs would undoubtedly be a much durable alternative.

Especially for Zuo Jun whose body could mutate into a three-meter giant at the blink of an eye, items kept on him were very susceptible to damage.

After special refinement, the furs felt remarkably soft and smooth. It was carefully folded, so when Chu Feng unfolded the map, its enormous size greatly surprised him. The map covered quite a considerable area of land.

The map showed a partial topography of Taihang Mountains. Areas within hundreds of meters around the Taihang Mountains had all been explicitly logged and labelled. Every mountaintop had been clearly marked.

"Even I did not know some of these mountains."

Chu Feng had been living here since early childhood. Naturally, perhaps no-one would be more familiar to this area than Chu Feng. As such, he presumed that this map might have probably included all the ones that only emerged recently.

His face lighted when he realized the potential usefulness of this map.

He carefully scrutinized every detail on the map, noticing that many regions had been specially marked with certain labels. Some of the areas were identified with a black human skull, while others were characterized with the word "pick".

Besides, many other regions were also marked with a red circle.

The markings on the map were not abundant, but all were eye-catching. Anyone who read the map would be immediately drawn to these areas and be prompted to question the significance of the marked region.

Keep the map? Chu Feng pondered for a while before at last, he decided to resign from this idea. He fetched a paper and delineated an exact copy of it.

"I'd better drive him away as soon as I can. Keeping him here with me will only mean more troubles." Chu Feng lifted up Zuo Jun then walked right into the orchid farm. This was the east end of the village, and that meant barely anyone would walk by. This allowed him to easily get away without running into a witness on the way.

With the preternatural stamina and speed that Chu Feng currently possessed, scurrying with a man on his back could be easily accomplished. In one breath, Chu Feng covered a distance of more than twenty li. He ran across the orchid forest then dropped Zuo Jun on a disjointed paved road.

Zuo Jun was still unconscious.

Chu Feng examined the surrounding environment. There were acres of cornfield beside the paved road. There was quite a distance from here to the primitive mountains where the beasts of profound ferocity resided. Chu Feng set his mind at rest, then he turned around and walked away from the body.

The village was quiet and serene, since panic and fear had all diminished.

In recent days, some young people started looking for ways out of the village. Armed with knives and other weaponries, they tried to move into a neighbouring town.

They believed that their safety would perhaps be better ensured in towns and cities where more people lived.

However, those who successfully made their way into the town changed their mind at once. There were two nearby primitive mountains overlooking right into the town. Vaguely, one could see all kinds of beasts and birds of prey creeping, crawling and incubating on the mountains above. There were even giant insects such as a two-meter silver centipede slithering in and out of the soil on the mountain. It was shaped like a white boa, haunting the mountains and the towns nearby.

There were also sightings of a flaming bird preying on tigers and leopards. It was a bloody and sanguinary scene. Those who once claimed themselves king of the forest were now the weak and the helpless.

How could this not instigate fear?

Lots of people were fleeing from the town, afraid that one day, those monstrous creatures would break the seal of the mountains' boundary and bring hell into man's world.

As for cities or even some of the metropolis, the situation was said to be even worse. Many big cities had witnessed a comeback of the palaeolithic period. A boundless overgrowth of forests had reclaimed much of the urban land. Within it, it was peppered with beasts of prey.

After many disappointing exploring trips in search for a safe haven, the youngsters returned back to Qingyang Village.

Meanwhile, there were also many pragmatic men who were willing to deal with concrete matters relating to work and started growing crops outside the village. Many of these men were from the older generation. They hoped that their work could ensure a self-sufficient lives for themselves.

There had been cultivated land and fields since centuries ago, but now as the earth started expanding with an almost tenfold increase, the land suitable for cultivation had also grown exponentially.

Now was the month for autumn, but oddly, leaves were not seen yellowing, nor had the grasses withered. The world seethed and teemed with life and vigor. The weather was getting warmer, giving people a false sensation that summer was coming.

Many peculiar scenes cropped up as a result. The orchid farm, for instance, had trees bundled with countless fruits and also those with abundance of flowers pressing down the branches.[1][2] It was an odd yet breathtaking mixture of harvest and the beginning of many new lives. Fruity and floral aroma blended to form the sweetest smell known to men.

Autumn. It carried a special meaning to the people living in this world.

The war had turned many people's homeland and farm fields into an arid and barren void. During those years, no lands were fertile, and no food were produced. People struggled to survive, but many starved to death.

In this post-civilization era, it was an onus for everyone to partake in the workforce of food harvesting every autumn.

Decades later, although the once adverse circumstance had improved drastically over the years, partaking in the harvesting team had become a custom for many. Autumn had been crowned with a significant meaning, and it also evolved into a long vacation.

As such, amongst the huge population in the village, many of them were students or workers returning from other cities for their vacation and their reunion with those of whom they had left behind. Plenty of people had already started organizing planting for the new season, so labor force did not seem to be lacking.

Chu Feng opened the fridge where food had always been piling up in hips, but now it was almost empty thanks to the edacious Yellow Ox.

“All the supermarkets had been emptied by people who wanted to stock up for the apocalypse, so right now, we’re really running short on our supply. I need to come up with something to ensure that no-one would go to sleep with an empty stomach every night.” Chu Feng decided to practice the boxing style first, so that he could safely go in and out of the mountains.

He wanted to go hunting. In a time when food and clothing had become a major issue, nothing could beat meat in supplying the body with vital nutrients and energy.

He practiced the boxing style in the yard with an imposing stance. He was had almost mastered the boxing style taught by Yellow Ox. The power in his fist was fearsome and explosive. Occasionally, it even came with a thunderous rumble as Chu Feng threw his punches.

There was a mysterious layer of power hovering over the surface of his fists. This layer of power allowed him to punch and jab with a terrifying force.

Pong!

Chu Feng shattered a whole dollop of bluestone with his first.

“Are my hands still the hands of a human?” Chu Feng was dumbstruck. It was a chunk of solid stone which measured almost half a meter in height, but Chu Feng’s fist crushed and crunched it in a heartbeat.

He tried to recognize the power that allowed him to exert force of such immensity. He realized it was the “internal force” as described in many novels in the past, but rather a curious layer of chiffon enveloping his fist.[3][4]

At the same time, he noticed that if he could couple the boxing style with the strange breathing rhythm, the power would exponentially increase, becoming more terrifying than it already was.

Chu Feng could vaguely guess that the breathing pattern must have carried some extraordinary forces within it. It was to his surprise that he discovered its ability to bring the power of the boxing style to another level.

No wonder why Yellow Ox practiced the breathing pattern once every morning and once every night with a more committed attitude than that for the practice of Demon Ox Boxing.

The sun rose again in the east, shedding brightness to the world.

Zuo Jun felt a sharp pain in his head. He regained his consciousness and gradually awakened. With only a slight turn of his head, he could feel as if his brain was about to pop out.

“Where am I?”

His body rocked and swayed before he could finally stand on his feet. His face was pale as a sheet. All the vigor and vitality in his eyes had vanished. He looked bewildered, clueless to the situation he was in.

He lowered his head and noticed the tattered cloth drooping from his nearly naked body. His skin seemed ragged and split. Had there been a fight?

He finally recalled some words he was told in the end. He murmured, “That man from the Mu Family insinuated me not to be too soft on that ordinary person in Qingyang Village. I should be on my way to teach that man a lesson, but why did I fall down and fainted here? Why can’t I remember anything?”

His memory ceased there. He could not recall the events that happened after that.

“Had I been ambushed on my way here?” he questioned.

At last, he began heading towards Qingyang Village. He sneered as he stumbled on. “He’s just an ordinary person. Although I’m not in a good shape right now, but I could easily dally with him.”

The sun soon started heating up. It was warm and cozy. Chu Feng sat in the sun, inhaling and exhaling the morning glow in his peculiar rhythm. It took him a good few hours before he finally wrapped up the breathing exercise of the day.

Zuo Jun staggered into the yard right as Chu Feng started winding up the exercise.

Chu Feng was taken aback. Why was he here again?

At first, he thought that this should all thanks to the unreliable methods conjured up by Yellow Ox. Its trampling did not erase the man's memory, so now he came here again for revenge.

"Demon Ox! See what you've done!" Chu Feng yelled.

"Shut up, you ordinary mortal! Stop going all boisterous in front of me," Zuo Jun impatiently cursed in a contemptuous manner.

Chu Feng was surprised. "It's really hard to alter one's nature, isn't it? Have I not taught you lesson about how not to be a snobbish prick?"

"Do you know me?" Zuo Jun questioned, but his face immediately darkened in anger. "No matter what, you will have to go through some suffering and some hardships. There are certain people in this world whom you can never make friends or claim ties of kinship with. Even the humble servants by her side could crush you with their higher social position."

Chu Feng had ascertained that Zuo Jun had indeed lost some of his memory, but he could still remember certain things from the period earlier; for instance, come here and bother him.

How troublesome this had become! Chu Feng didn't know whether to cry or to laugh.

"My head is aching so much. What happened? Did someone ambush me on my way here?" Zuo Jun patted his head with the look of a baffled man. He also looked annoyed. The pain was why he became even more irritable and irascible today.

"Why do I somehow feel like that I've been kicked in the head by a donkey. My head is so f*cking hurt!" He grunted.

Chu Feng found his complaint quite amusing. "You're right! You did get kicked by a donkey." Chu Feng gloated.

At the same time, Yellow Ox also emerged from the dark recesses of the house. Its face darkened in anger when it saw and heard about the situation.

Zuo Jun did not notice Yellow Ox. He grinned sardonically and scornfully. His pace was staggering, but he struggled to reel towards Chu Feng to attack him.

Pong!

Chu Feng kicked Zuo Jun into the air with a side swing, slamming him onto the concrete wall. Then, he turned around and asked Yellow Ox, "What are we going to do? He still remembers to come back for us."

Yellow Ox's movement was as exasperatingly slow as usual. It pointed towards the word on the dirt ground that had been formed earlier. It said, "Easy."

Then, he strolled towards Zuo Jun.

Zuo Jun looked like he was in a trance. How did I get sent to the air by the kick of an ordinary person? Meanwhile, he also noticed the golden calf that was slowly approaching him with despise and contempt written all over its face.

What was this? Were these all happening in his imagination? He found everything so surreal and so unrealistic. How was a calf giving him a look of contempt? And why did it have such a peculiar face? Was this a dreamland?

Pong! Pong! Pong! Pong!

Yellow Ox remained brute and crude with its actions. It trampled on Zuo Jun's head four times. This time, it was two times more than the last time.

Then, with a look that clearly reflected its bloated pride, it swaggered away from the crime scene.

Astonishment and shock were written all over Zuo Jun's face. His body stiffened. During his last gasp, he could not believe what he had just witnessed, but he could not help but to let his eyes roll back and lose his consciousness once again. He slowly toppled backwards. His body convulsed and shook in shock before he finally pegged out.

"Using the same method again? You sure this will work out?" Chu Feng was worried that Zuo Jun would come back again after he threw him away.

Yellow Ox kicked one of its front hooves twice in a row, implying that the two extra stomps would guarantee his complete loss of memory.

Chu Feng stayed speechless for some time before he finally decided to let it out. "Why can't you try something different?"

Yellow Ox did not utter a sound or a word. In a modest and dignified manner, he pointed at another group of words that were left from yesterday. They were still hideously written, but they were legible. It read: The Simplest is the Greatest.

something is weird with the end, what's the connection?

...had trees bundled with countless rich fruits along with the abundance of sweetly scented flowers. The juxtaposition of the scene of a harvesting autumn with that of a blooming spring provided an odd yet breathtaking mixture of the two contrasting seasons.

please check, the “but” doesn’t seem right

Oh sorry! “He realized it wasn’t the “internal force”....but....

Chapter 25: Unprecedented Prosperity

Chu Feng made a circle around Zuo Jun. He could tell that his head had quite grown in size. It looked remarkably bigger due to swelling, but getting trampled by an ox for six times should deal sufficient trauma to cause anyone to lose their memory.

“Don’t come here again, please. Why bother?” Chu Feng wearily shook his head.

However, if Zuo Jun stubbornly decided to come back again next time, Chu Feng was afraid that his head would eventually vanish, or at the very least, become like a mashed watermelon.

Chu Feng thoroughly searched his body from head to toe. He was especially looking for the communicator, wondering if there were any recent calls made from it. Unfortunately, the history was still empty.

Chu Feng conjectured that Zuo Jun had most likely deleted them after each call he had made.

This time, he smuggled Zuo Jun out of the village and left him on a disjointed highway connected to a nearby town, forty li away from his house. Then, he returned to his village.

The village came back to life again as people traveled to and fro the farmland everyday to do manual labor. Chu Feng overheard some of the conversations and learnt that the seeds of many crops had been sowed in the field.

According to some of the elderly, the present climate was the best for crops to grow. If everything went as planned, the seeds would mature in only a few months. This would be a bumper year for the crops.

Therefore, smiles began to emerge on the faces of many of the villagers.

Suddenly, a commotion broke out in the street. A young man was being lifted by a few others. His body was boiling hot. White vapors were seen steaming up profusely from his body. He cried and struggled in pain and agony.

“Hurry up! Get him to Doctor Wang’s clinic!” shouted someone from the crowd.

A group of young and robust youngsters carried the man as they hurriedly rushed to the most renowned clinic in the village.

Chu Feng ran into this commotion just as he returned to the village. He hastily followed the convoy to see if there was anything he could do to help.

“Wang Pan, my boy, what has happened to you?” A young mother came over as her tears trickled down her cheeks. She was in shock.

This young man named Wang Pan was in quite a worrisome state. His face and his body had all become distorted. He rolled, tossed, tumbled and thrashed on the stretcher. The others who had offered to help struggled to lay him down. His body was as hot as a boiling kettle, and steam was even rising from his body.

Chu Feng was instantly taken aback the moment he saw him. He wondered what had led this young man into this living death.

“Wang Pan became like this right after he ate a fruit,” a mid-aged man informed.

Many villagers had begun cultivating on every possible acre of land.

There was an empty lot near Wang Pan’s house. Today, he went there with a few others from the village to reclaim the wasteland and bring it under cultivation. He smelled a refreshing fragrance as he took a break and saw a silver fruit hanging off the stalk of a grass in the distance.

The grass looked ordinary. It had all the features typical of a weed, but to his surprise, it bore a silver fruit.

Wang Pan was quite parched and desirous for water at that moment. The mellow aroma of that fruit was truly alluring, and in the end, he could not resist the urge to eat the fruit, so he swallowed it whole. However, it was not long before he started rolling and tossing on the ground in pain and agony.

People gabbled out the whole story.

Wang Pan’s mother burst into tears. She shuddered at the thought of perhaps losing her child due to food poisoning.

“Stop crying, woman! He is not dead yet!” Wang Pan’s father cursed in rage. With the help of a few others, he got his son to the clinic. Saving the child was the most important issue at hand.

Wang Pan’s body was fiercely twitching. Even with the collaborative effort of a few adults, his tossing body still could not be brought under control. His physical strength

became stronger and stronger. He was almost on the edge of breaking loose from the restraint. In the end, Chu Feng stepped up and managed to subdue him.

Doctor Wang carefully examined him. With the help of professional instruments, he conducted a full body examination on Wang Pan.

“His body index appears to be very disorderly. Some of his hormones are abnormally surging at an exponential rate. The test results don’t seem hopeful either. I have never seen a patient like this before.” Doctor Wang had become all sweaty and humid. He was also at a loss of what to do.

“It is the rumors that killed this kid,” said an elderly man, “He must have fallen victim to those false reports of people becoming superhuman celestial beings. To him, those news were just plain baloney.”

“Yeah, I agree. There has been quite a number of strange occurrences recently, but some of the reports we see these days are just misleading titles and exaggerated facts. It would be really foolish to believe in any of them,” echoed another mid-aged man.

Chu Feng stayed voiceless beside the sick young man, listening attentively to the opinions voiced by the people present. Perhaps he was the only one here who knew that a metamorphosis into a monstrous-looking beast had become the young man’s eventual fate upon eating that damnable fruit.

Although Doctor Wang was a respectable doctor renowned for his superb medical skills, the root of Wang Pan’s symptoms remained a mystery to him.

Wang Pan’s father looked ashen while his mother wailed in fear and distress.

Villagers rushed home to warn their children of the danger associated with the fruits found in the wilderness, enjoining them not to be allured by the sweet fragrance emanating from the fruits.

Chu Feng stayed at the clinic, guarding Wang Pan alongside Doctor Wang.

Chu Feng firmly pressed down the twitching body of Wang Pan, and at last, Wang Pan drifted off into a slumber. He no longer tossed about or turned from side to side, but his torso still occasionally quivered while pale smog rose from the scorching feverish skin of his. It was a truly horrific sight to behold.

Wang Pan’s parents were wide awake. Their eyes had turned swollen from crying.

In the following morning right at the break of the dawn, Wang Pan, who had been tied up to the sickbed, finally awoke. He groaned and shrieked. He wanted to break loose and shook off the constraint!

Chu Feng was awoken with a start; he hurriedly reached forward to press him back down.

“It’s so... PAINFUL!” Wang Pan ululated.

Chu Feng could detect a perceivable change in Wang Pan’s body. His abdomen was inflating, swelling up like a balloon. The bloat was accompanied by sounds of crackling. It was a bloodcurdling noise that clinked as if many ribs and bones inside his body had started snapping.

During this process, a sphere of pale smog enveloped his body.

He howled and groaned. He bellowed with pain like a wounded beast. His roar startled almost every villager in town, prompting many to rush to the clinic to see what was happening.

Half an hour later, Wang Pan hushed at last. The pale smog dissipated, unveiling the suffering body of the sick man. However, the scene in sight immediately made everyone stare in bewilderment.

There was a limb at the abdomen of Wang Pan. It appeared silver white, and it seemed very much like a quite sturdy arm.

“Oh God! What’s wrong with you, Pan? Do you still feel sick, my son?” His mother shrieked in terror, making a lunge for her son.

Wang Pan’s face was pale as a sheet. He looked very much enfeebled, but he told his mother that he was fine, and that he was only a bit ravenous.

“Fine? Oh, my darling boy... look at yourself... look at this arm growing out of your belly!” Wang Pan’s mother burst out in tears. Seeing what a monster her son had become, no mother would not feel grieved or heartbroken.

The news quickly circulated in the village. People were pouring in thick and fast from all over the village into this little clinic of Doctor Wang’s. The rooms were clogged with curious onlookers.

“Hurry up! Get him food!” Wang Pan’s father shouted. He ordered his neighbors and relatives to help him deliver food to serve for Wang Pan’s expanded appetite.

“So those news and reports are real after all,” someone from the crowd whispered. “We can see for ourselves the changes brought to Wang pan after eating that strange fruit.”

Indeed, Wang Pan’s body and appearance both had an evident profound change. He used to be a chubby man with a rather tanned skin, but now he became the complete opposite of his original looks. He was thin and bony, and his skin was pale and white.

Wang Pan crammed down a few mouthfuls of meat and bowls of rice before he finally felt full. Meanwhile, his newly acquired pair of silver white arms also wavered in the air, continuously stuffing food into Wang Pan's mouth.

People blankly stood as they witnessed the scene in amazement.

The food seemed to have greatly empowered him. He no longer felt enfeebled, so he left the clinic and entered a yard. He wavered those silver white arms, consciously feeling the changes within his body. The growth of this pair of hands out of his abdomen was a grievous blow to him. After all, he was a normal human being no more.

Pong!

With a quiet fury, he banged his fist on a landscape stone, causing the boulder to crack with long and deep rifts and fissures.

Perhaps with a few more extra hits, the whole stone would shatter.

"Oh blimey! What a great strength he has acquired!" The crowd unsettled with exclamation.

"So the reports are real! Those strange fruits can mutate a person and grant him a superhuman ability." Wang Pan's ability had been much admired by some of the youngsters from the crowd.

Later that day, many people left the town for a grassland nearby. The expedition group was led by a bustling crowd of youngsters who wanted to find all kinds of wild fruits. To them, these fruits were a highway to becoming the god-like creature they ever admired to be.

No one wanted to feel left out from this so-called highway.

It took a couple of days before Wang Pan's condition finally stabilized. He went to the clinic for a re-examination, but none of his body index was normal.

That pair of arms was especially sturdy. They could not be harmed even when cut by blades or specialized cutters. They packed much force with them too. The strength it exerted could easily match the combined forces of a few adults.

Wang Pan had also lost lots of weight during the course of time. His skin was also steadily acquiring a silver white hue.

According to Doctor Wang, the changes to his body might be an ongoing process for the rest of his life.

“My son has acquired extraordinary force. On the basis of the theories proposed in many news reports, my son will one day become a god.” Wang Pan seemed to have become his mother’s proudest boast ever since the changes had occurred. She blabbed out about his son to everyone she met.

In fact, she was afraid that people might refer to her son as a freak, and in doing so, it might cost Wang Pan to stay as a single man for the rest of his life.

But in reality, he was admired by many. Most of the young men from the village were looking out for the strange fruits out in the wild. They wanted to follow his path and became a god-like figure themselves.

Meanwhile, Chu Feng was still whole-heartedly concentrating on his practice. Besides, he also used his communicator to search for all kinds of news related to the strange fruits.

Reports on these had increased exponentially for the past few days.

The number of people turning into a mutated “other” had surged for days on end. The cases were not limited to a particular region or country, but they included people from all over the world.

By estimate, tens of thousands had mutated, and this was only a rough estimate that did not include those who were unwilling to disclose their status as a mutated man.

Undoubtedly, this was an appalling figure. The number might have potentially coupled or even tripled if the unreported ones had been counted.

The internet had been boiling with discussions. Did this mean the beginning of a new era?

The mutated possessed supernatural abilities. Some could soar in the sky, some could melt metals, and some had a skin of boulder that kept them intact when submerging in scorching lava.

Jubilation reigned everywhere across the globe. People felt that this was the Age of Enlightenment returning for a comeback, opening a brand new chapter for humanity.

The abilities possessed by some people were as powerful as many mythological creatures. They were truly terrifying.

All in all, the fact that people could easily possess power beyond human abilities had granted the world an unprecedented sense of prosperity, adding up to people’s endorsement of the status quo.

Many of the mutated had come to band together to challenge the silver winged man; however, the result was less than ideal for the challengers.

Although it was seemingly an unfair match between a gang of mutated beasts and a single man, Silver Wing managed to make a clean sweep of his opponents. No-one from the alliance could stand a chance against him. This result shocked the world.

The agitated and restless mutated men who were poised for a fight finally sobered down.

Although almost all mutations were due to the consumption of a strange fruit, there was a conspicuous difference in terms of actual strength between each individual mutated man. It called into question whether those who mutated earlier possessed a greater power than those who mutated later.

Later that day, another news reported that the Vajra, one of the so-called “legendary four”, had swept an organization formed by a group of the mutated. He defeated more than dozens of the mutated, sending shockwaves to the world again.

Only until now did people begin to realize that Silver Wing, the Vajra, Fire Spirit and White Tiger, the legendary four who mutated the earliest amongst the others, were in an unchallengeable position. They were at the top of the pyramid, willing to crush anyone who dared to challenge them.

There were also rumors circulating amongst the community suggesting that there was a great power hidden in the dark, supporting the four with all kinds of resources including strange fruits of all sorts. This could be a whimsical conspiracy theory, but potentially, it could also be true.

Chu Feng was deep in thought after reading these reports. What would the future become?

He did not mutate, nor had he ever eaten any strange fruits. So far, he only practiced the special breathing exercise and the boxing styles taught by Yellow Ox.

He no longer paid attention to the reports. Training himself to become stronger was his sole goal. After having mastered the Demon Ox Boxing Style, he wanted to go and explore the depths of Taihang Mountains to see whether he could attain anything special from it.

Suddenly, his communicator sounded a lively tone. Someone was ringing him up.

“Lin Naoi?”

Chu Feng was rather surprised. Ever since they parted their ways, Lin Naoi had never taken the initiative to call him. So what made her call today?

Chapter 26: Elegant Indifference

Translator: Mike Editor: Chrissy

Her voice was insipid and flat. The greeting sounded polite rather than with tenderness. The tone felt distant and disconnected.

Chu Feng tried to sound as calm as he could. He returned the greeting in a quite attentive manner, then he gave a chortle and expressed his amazement and wonder at her elegant indifference.

Although the parting words were only said a few weeks ago, Chu Feng felt as if years had passed. Being able to talk to her again gave him an odd sense of *déjà vu*.

Lin Naoi had always been a calm, sensible and intelligent girl. She had never gone out of her way to propitiate people, so naturally, there was an air of elegant indifference around her. Almost everyone at school perceived her as someone above their station, so few people had the audacity to claim ties of kinship or to make friends with her.

Perhaps it was due to the sheer beauty of hers in addition to the coldness of her temperament that she shied almost everyone around her. Although many people wanted to win her hand, few even had the audacity to take the initiative to talk to her.

Even Chu Feng's acquaintance with her was an accident.

Despite his higher-than-average academic performance, he was nowhere near the level of hardworking. Playing truant was a common occurrence, and for most of the lectures that required mandatory attendance, he usually entered the classroom as the bell rang.

One could easily imagine the circumstance in the classroom by the time Chu Feng entered. It was usually filled with sad and sober faces, but this one time he found a vacant seat by the window in a mid-row.

This was the row for girls, and most of them were with countenance like flowers and the moon. It was a sight that gladdened his heart and pleased his eyes.

But the vacant table by which he was sitting had a paper with the name Lin Naoi written on it. Clearly, the seat had been reserved for this particular girl who was also running late.

Chu Feng took no notice of the paper. Under the astonished gaze of a few other girls, he sat down on the seat at his ease. Then, he folded the name card into a paper plane. With a gentle thrust, he flew it out of the classroom window.

The girls were dumbstruck. There were looks of astonishment in their eyes. For them, this was truly a daring action, since no-one had ever treated Lin Naoi in such a flippant manner.

Chu Feng soon started to realize for whom the seat had been reserved, but the realization did not make him withdraw himself from the seat.

At the same time, a long-haired girl walked in. She was a stunning beauty, alright. With a height of at least 170 centimeters, she was a young woman, fairly tall and fairly slim. Her hair was smooth as silk; her face was bright and spotless. Her jet-black eyes were sparkling and charming.

She was breathtakingly beautiful, but clearly, she was a cold beauty. Standing still by the desk at which Chu Feng was sitting, she quietly gazed at Chu Feng with a flat and insipid look on her face.

The girls from the same row were also pressuring the immoral seat-grabber with indignant glares, signalling him to leave at once.

However, Chu Feng did not simply resign to such pressure. He remained seated with perfect composure. Having looked face to face with Lin Naoi, he started engrossing himself with the books in his hand.

Lin Naoi calmly stood for a while before she turned her back and left without a word being spoken.

Perhaps it was not the best way to greet someone for the first time, but they did get acquainted with each other thanks to this awkward encounter. Gradually, they started communicating with each other more and more often.

Strictly speaking, their relationships had never been the most fervent one. The times they had had together walking abreast were almost minimal. Once, Chu Feng tried to hold hands with her, but he was greeted with a quite unfriendly gaze from her.

This could almost mean the end of it if the leading man of this romantic story was someone else.

But Chu Feng was a spontaneous man driven by mood and emotion, or in other words, he was quite a brazen man who knew nothing about dignity. He persisted on holding her hand. He smiled like a gentleman, but he refused to let the hand go.

In the end, Lin Naoi turned away her head, resisting no more. She let her hand enshrouded in the warmth of another man's palm, freeing herself from the constraint and melting away in a man's profound virility.

It was that very day when their relationships was finally confirmed. Other boys were wailing in sadness and disappointment in themselves. Many also basted Chu Feng behind his back for his unparalleled brazenness and shamelessness. But all in all, he did succeed.

However, the progression stopped just there. Lin Naoi had never altered her temperament. She was still the elegant yet indifferent beauty as she had been. For Chu Feng, her occasional indifference to him was almost insufferable, but he still chose to go along her path.

Chu Feng recalled pieces of memory from the past, but he was soon able to collect himself and remembered that Lin Naoi was still on the phone.

On the other side of the communicator, it was the melodious voice of Lin Naoi. Her voice was musical, alright, but there was also a sense of distance and remoteness in it.

In the end, he could truly feel the sense of distance when Lin Naoi asked him if he needed any help. After parting company, their insipid relationship seemed to have become even flatter.

Chu Feng frowned. He did not need help from her.

But the idea that his parents might do occurred to him.

The world had changed. Strange occurrences happened around the world in a more and more unpredictable fashion. Maybe one day, the world might take the left turn somewhere with all hell breaking loose.

As a member of the Dainty Biomedical Group, Lin Naoi had much more inside information than anyone out there; moreover, her family had the power and influence to ensure the safety and the soundness of his parents.

“My parents are stranded in Shun Tian, so I hope, if possible, that you may look after them on my behalf.”

Chu Feng was fairly straightforward when he needed to be. He never wanted to sound frippery or fake. He did not feel embarrassed to pose such a request simply because they had broken up. It involved the safety of his parents, so he pushed forward his request regardless of the status of their relation.

Lin Naoi calmly listened, then she responded with a monosyllable: “Okay.”

Chu Feng reverted to his old taciturn ways. He spoke no more. He felt he should end the call right here, right now.

“I will be visiting Taihang Mountains in the near future,” Lin Naoi informed.

Chu Feng vented out an amused laughter. His flippant character dictated him to never give in to the cold indifference of Lin Naoi. He could not resist the urge to poke fun at her. “Just like I always said, you owe me a hug. So are you coming here to compensate me for that this time?”

Clap!

She hung up on him, abruptly ending the conversation.

...

Zuo Jun opened his dimmed eyes. Even the slightest movement could cause insufferable pain to his head. He was having a double vision while his head almost felt like it was about to crack open. To him, everything felt ever so insufferable.

“He is finally back to life!” said someone with a sigh of relief.

Zuo Jun sat up from the bed, but the piercing headache kicked in at once. He groaned in pain and clutched onto his head. He could finally open his eyes before a long while had passed. His head belled with buzzing and humming sounds. He also felt confused.

“Zuo Jun, what had happened?”

Zuo Jun looked up. It was a young girl with a pretty face. She was looking over at him across the room with a benevolent smile.

“Qingyu Zhu,” he called out her name. She was one of the most powerful two in the team.

Her face always wore a delightful smile regardless of her mood. The smile seldom faded away.

“Do you know you’ve fainted for four days? What happened to you?” said another man in the room. He looked like a twenty-five years old man with a pale skin. His eyes were tenuous, but they were sparking eyes.

“Ye Ge,” Zuo Jun recognized.

He was surprised that the two most powerful warriors in the team were here at the same time. They were also the head of the team.

There were also a few others present in the room. Some had a pair of golden wings on their back, some had two heads, and some had fingers glittering with a golden shine.

The room was crammed with the mutated. They stared at Zuo Jun, waiting for him to answer.

“I can’t recall what happened.” Zuo Jun tried to canister back, but the severe pain in his head rendered him incapable of remembering anything.

“Weren’t we deployed to Taihang Mountains for the strange fruits here? This is all I can remember. The others seemed too muddled to remember,” Zuo Jun said as cold sweat trickled down his chins.

The crowd silently stood as they gazed at him. They were stunned by the fact that Zuo Jun had lost all his recent memories. The order he just recounted was given a long while ago.

“You might have run into a competent fighter. He defeated you even when you’ve turned into a giant. He has caused severe trauma to your head, and as a result, you lost your memory,” Ye Ge said as purple light ran inside his eyes. “Your opponent should have been a human. If it had been a beast or bird of prey, chunks of raw meat would have been the only things left of you now,” he deduced.

“Did you go looking for troubles again, Zuo Jun?” Qingyu Zhu said with a smile. “Ever since you became one of the mutated, you have grown more and more full of yourself. You thought no-one could defeat you, didn’t you?”

“I...I didn’t,” Zuo Jun refuted.

“Yes, you did. And I’m sure you’re not the only one with an inflated ego. Don’t think you can fool me on this. I know some of you have been frequently going in and out of the nearby towns with a condescending attitude and act as you please, looking down at the ordinaries.” Her voice grew a bit colder. She glanced across the crowd. “Acquiring the superhuman powers and abilities does not grant you the right to lose your soul or your heart!”

“Qingyu is right. Today, more and more people started mutating into one of us, so don’t be fooled by the misbelief that you’re still invincible, because you’re not! You are not gods yet!” said Ye Ge.

“We were amongst the earliest to mutate. We have already won at the starting point, so if someone could become a god, that someone will always be one of us!” Someone from the crowd took Ye Ge’s words amiss.

“Shut up!” Qingyu Zhu scolded.

“Behave yourselves. There will be an important figure visiting us very soon in the future,” Ye Ge said.

“Is it going to be Silver Wing?” asked someone.

“Mind your own business and stay out of trouble. We shall prioritize the investigation of this incidence that Zuo Jun was involved in. We all know that Zuo Jun was not a weakling. He is a strong fighter, so who could have beaten him and caused him to lose his memory?” Ye Ge frowned.

...

Chu Feng finished his boxing exercise for the day, then he noticed a hint of green in the parterre. The recent warm weather had been boosting the growth of all plants. Weeds and wild flowers grew wild in the well-nourished soil.

“How are the seeds doing?” He was struck by the thought.

At the very beginning, he paid the seeds a visit several times a day in a fervent wish to see the sprouting of those seeds, but as time went by with nothing occurring, his passion eventually dwindled.

Especially for the past few days, lots had happened, so naturally, he nearly forgot about the existence of these seeds.

“By my reckoning, we should see seedlings now.” With great expectations, Chu Feng trotted towards the parterre.

Chapter 27: The Storm's Coming

Translator: Mike Editor: Chrissy

The soil in the parterre was far from being rich or fertile, but it was nutritious enough to grow flowers and plants. Canna and Chinese roses both threw a lot of autumn growth, emanating a rich fragrance that were both heart-gladdening and mind-refreshing. The pomegranate tree had also borne fruits. The fruits were golden and ripe, exposing its plump and red seeds through cracks on the surface.

Chu Feng crouched by the parterre, drawing his face close to the soil. However, after meticulous scrutiny of the parterre, he still couldn't see any signs of life. There were no seedlings sprouting out of the bleak and barren soil.

He was rather disappointed. Why were they still not growing?

For the sake of a better chance, he had planted the three seeds in three separate locations, but so far, in none of which had there been any visible activities. Even weeds were nowhere to be found in the parterre.

There was only deep resignation in Chu Feng's expression. Could it be that the three seeds had already drained their vitality of life? In other words, were they already dead?

He refused to reconcile to failure. He wanted at least one of them to grow into something. He wanted to know what he would yield from it.

Days ago, he had been diligently looking up for the seeds that belonged to all kinds of plants. He compared each one of them to the seeds he had in hand, and none even remotely matched.

This further deepened his expectation, even more firmly believing that the seeds were nothing ordinary.

“Crack!”

Yellow Ox thrust itself onto the rich soil of the pomegranate growing soil, sticking its sizable mouth upwards to the branches as it reached for the sizable fruits. With a gulp, it swallowed a whole pomegranate. Red juice trickled down from the corners of its mouth. It squinted its eyes and enjoyed the mellow fragrance and the syrupy taste.

“Demon Ox, be careful when you stumble in there! Don’t clomp on my seeds!” Chu Feng warned.

Yellow Ox showed a contemptuous expression as Chu Feng warned. It did not believe that the three shrivelled seeds could come back to life at all. It kept munching on the pomegranate regardless of Chu Feng’s concern.

Chu Feng frowned. He felt ever so frustrated. He wanted them to spear out of the earth, but nothing seemed to happen regardless of the methods he attempted.

In the end, he decided to dig up the soil to see the condition of the seeds for himself. Otherwise, he would feel as if a hundred claws were scratching his heart. He was eager to know the result.

“I think I will first choose the seed with a relatively fuller shape.”

Chu Feng crouched by the parterre, carefully dusting away the thin covering of soil and unconsolidated rock waste above the seed. He was afraid of breaking any potential stems of a seedling, so he kept his actions to a minimal level.

Plucking away the dirt revealed a slightly shrivelled seed. While half of it buried underground, another half re-exposed to the air. Although it was yet to shoot a seedling, the seed’s color and luster seemed to have been added with a richer hint of green.

“Things seemed a bit hopeful!” Chu Feng was delighted.

He carefully observed the seed and discovered that its skin was a bit smoother than before. It also looked greener, with a complicated system of grains engraved on its surface. It looked complex, but also mysterious.

The seed had undergone evident changes.

The seed used to wear a dry yellow skin, but months later, it turned into something plentifully bestrewn with few green stripes and scalings. It somehow had a lingering charm associated with it.

Chu Feng was astonished. The more he looked at the seed, the more extraordinary it seemed to be.

He sighed with relief. He set his mind at rest, resting assured that sooner or later, it would spear out of the earth.

He grew hesitant. He was unsure whether or not to nourish the soil with some fertilizers in order to boost up its growth.

Chu Feng turned to Yellow Ox with a mendacious smile. "Oh my darling little ox. I know you may not be eager, but you need to help me. Otherwise, I'm totally out of options."

A shudder ran down Yellow Ox's back. It retreated a few steps back, warily glaring at Chu Feng with its eyes wide opened, as if it was asking Chu Feng to get straight to the point. Don't beat around the bush!

"I will only say this once. Cow dung!"

"Pong!"

Yellow Ox hurled its hooves at Chu Feng, forcing him to shun aside from the fearsome attack.

It rushed back into the room, and with a bang, it slammed the door of the room shut behind it. Not only had it usurped an entire room, but it had also seized a king-sized bed in that room ever since it got here.

Every night, it would lay prostrate when it slept. Its arms outstretched, and its eyes closed.

Chu Feng had a hidden bitterness, but he was helpless too.

Having covered the seeds with the rich soil again, he started to practice boxing once again. He had a sense of urgency. As the number of the mutated grew day-by-day and with each possessing a set of unique skills and powers of their own, he felt he needed to acquire some sort of measures for self-protection.

At the same time, he also wanted to explore Taihang Mountains to try out his luck. Maybe by chance, he could run into something unusual.

But all the risky explorations were premised on the basis that he was powerful enough to battle against the feral beasts and birds residing in the mountains.

It was still the first position of Yellow Ox's boxing style, but Chu Feng was determined to practice it again and again. His fist carried an imposing power, whipping the withered leaves drooping on the branches of the trees in the yard into churning masses.

“Moo!”

Suddenly, a blaring bellow of a wild yak sounded as he jabbed away with his fist. It was an ear-splitting sound that echoed and rumbled within the enclosure of this small yard.

Pong!

Yellow Ox had been taken aback. It rushed out of the door of the room, dreamily staring at the yard with its eyes wide opened.

There was a silhouette of a jet-black yak behind Chu Feng’s back. It was lofty tall, and strapping too. Its glare gazed into the eyes of Yellow Ox, with a body shining with black luster. It looked exactly like a real yak, only with a look more formidable, and a temperament more imposing and fear-inspiring in its beholders.

A fist that Chu Feng had jabbed away was all that preceded to the emergence of this black demon yak. It poised beside the equally formidable torso of Chu Feng, ready for a fight.

Chu Feng knew that this was the ultimate form of Yellow Ox’s boxing type. He was now in full mastery of this first position!

The first position was the fundamental of Demon Ox Boxing Style. All the nine positions were established on this foundation; as such, it made the first position all the more difficult to master than the rest of the boxing style.

The positions that followed would not take long to master.

Sure enough, Chu Feng managed to complete all of the first five boxing positions in the following two days without a break. The rate of his progress had drastically increased.

Yellow Ox was astounded by Chu Feng’s progression. In response, it wrote another few shapeless and twisted words on the ground, referring Chu Feng as to the descendent of Tauren.

Chu Feng was wild with rage.

On that day, amongst the plate of pork chops he prepared for the calf, he chucked in a few pieces of beefsteaks with a quite decisive determination.

“Hey man, I really miss you after days of us parting company. How do you do recently?” Zhou Quan rang up Chu Feng.

“Not bad. How are you doing? I’ve heard plenty of news about mutations and metamorphosis. Are you doing alright?” Chu Feng showed his concern over Zhou Quan’s wellbeing.

"I can burn gold and melt stones these days. Even I was taken aback by myself, but I think I'm getting used to it. But that horn, that goddamn horn that had grown on my head is disgustingly ugly." Zhou Quan was fraught with emotion.

To cover up the pointing horn, he had been wearing his hair slicked back lately, but his outlandish hairstyle had proven to be an eye-souring sight to his family who contended that the hair made him look like a local ruffian. As expected, it was really depressing for him to listen to everybody's whinges.

Chu Feng had a good gloat over this.

"Oh, right! Isn't it strange that Demon Ox hasn't harassed me for the past two days? It's been quiet all day, and I don't think myself is used to this," Zhou Quan complained.

Chu Feng was speechless. Days ago, Yellow Ox had been harassing Zhou Quan with endless string of calls regardless of the time of a day, almost driving Zhou Quan into madness.

Suddenly, Chu Feng recalled something. His expression turned astonished. "That's not right! I have seen the calf hugging and cuddling the communicator the whole time for the past few days. It bellowed into the communicator, so clearly, it has been talking to someone on the other side."

"Impossible! It's been really quiet for me for the past two days. No one harassed me during the night, and that actually made me sleepless." Zhou Quan emphatically asserted that Yellow Ox had not called him.

Chu Feng's expression turned at once, hanging up the call almost in an instant.

If the calf had not been harassing Zhou Quan, then who had it been calling? Was it trying to get a rise out of some of his classmates? Chu Feng felt a dizziness overcoming him and blurring his vision.

Was the calf getting more and more intelligent? Did it secretly manage to take note of all the numbers from his contact list?

White smoke rose from his scalp, indicating profound anger burning within him. At the same time, he also felt quite uneasy. He blasted into Yellow Ox's room, roaring, "Demon Ox! I'm gonna whoop your sorry ass!"

Chu Feng hurled himself onto the lying calf.

Yellow Ox was rather baffled as it heatedly glared at Chu Feng.

"Did you go harassing all those people from my contact list again?" Chu Feng accused.

Yellow Ox fiercely shook its head. It stuck out its front hooves, jabbing at the screen of the communicator.

Chu Feng looked doubtful. He took over the communicator and rapidly glanced through the call history. To his relief, what he was worried about did not happen.

But he questioned to whom these unfamiliar numbers belonged to. At the same time, he felt sorry for the poor soul who had to endure the constant harassment from a calf.

In a residence at a nearby town.

Zuo Jun almost had a mental breakdown. He had been badgered by calls from the same number over and over. The calls were made regardless of the time of the day ever since he woke up from the coma. It was an endless sequence, irritating to the say the least.

Sometimes, the phone rang in the evening; at times, the call came at dawn. To him, the caller was a sheer abomination.

His head was yet to recover from his head trauma. Him losing memory coupled with the penetrating pain made him all the more lethargic and drowsier.

He would kill to have a sound slumber, but for every time he fell asleep, the nightmarish ringtone would sound and wake him with a shudder.

He dared not to turn it off either. As one of the mutated, the communicator was the only means of communication with the commanders-in-chief of the team.

What made it all the more abominable was that the person who called him emulated the sound of a cow's bellow every time he called. It was a long and irritating succession of noise that made him clench his teeth in bitter hatred. How he wished he could wring the neck of the person on the other side.

His head had a sharp pain. It was a particular type of pain that resembled to a trauma inflicted by the stomp of an animal.

And now, the sound of cow's bellow felt not only irritating, but also suggestive of the pain. Every bellow felt like another stomp on his head.

Sometimes, the irritation sent him into a fury, prompting him to smash the communicator into a million pieces to end all the pain and sufferings.

But he couldn't. This was a special kind of communicator. Although its functions were simple, they were also powerful. Signals to this communicator could be ensured wherever he travelled to. It was also tied to his identity, so by no means could he dare to lose it.

Qingyang Village. Chu Feng's house.

Yellow Ox signalled for him to put the communicator on the bed, then with a few poking and jabbing that seemingly reflected its profound experience with the device, it made another call to the number. Yellow Ox shunned away as soon as the call was put through.

As expected, an ear-splitting roar soon sounded from the other side of the call. "You bastard! Don't make me track you down, or you will..."

The answerer gave vent to a torrent of abuse and curses. Clearly, he had gotten very exasperated.

Chu Feng seemed dumbstruck. He could well recognize the voice. This was the voice of Zuo Jun! "What a poor bastard!" Chu Feng thought. "How did Yellow Ox manage to make him fall victim to its tasteless practical jokes."

Chu Feng was at a loss on whether to cry or to laugh. On that day when Chu Feng made a body search of the unconscious Zuo Jun, Yellow Ox was also standing beside and tinkering with Zuo Jun's communicator. So all that fiddling around with the man's communicator was to take note of his contact number.

Chu Feng left the room and bit his lips to keep from laughter.

Yellow Ox was at last left alone in the room. It turned to its trusty communicator and fondled with it with profound interest. Occasionally, it moored at it, as if it was flippantly replying to Zuo Jun's raging words.

At that night, Chu Feng was vigorously practicing boxing. To his surprise, he managed to master the sixth and the seventh position almost in an instant.

He lifted up a palm-sized boulder and caressed it gently in his hand, but the solid stone turned to powder in his fingers at once.

Chu Feng was astounded. He raised his palms and stared at them. What a horrifying strength they carried!

Chu Feng had once been doubtful about the expeditious rate at which his practice progressed. He consulted with Yellow Ox, and it informed him with words writing on the ground.

Some people might not be able to master this boxing style after a lifetime of intense training and practice. They might not even be able to pass the first position in their life.

While at the same time, there were also people who could come in mastery of the boxing style in months or even weeks. Of course, "mastery" was only used to refer to

the completion of the moves that the style involved. It was only the first step that preceded many more procedures that followed

“This means I will soon become the master of the style,” Chu Feng murmured.

He did not continue his practice for the sake of a more rapid progression. He preferred a more natural approach.

Chu Feng took a bath before the reports published on the internet engrossed his thoughts again.

Chu Feng carefully browsed through the reports, then a breaking news drew his attention.

Someone reported that an unusual tree was discovered in the depths of Taihang Mountains. Many of the mutated had entered the mountains, poised to snatch the fruits once they were borne on the tree.

This stirred up quite a sensation in the community!

Since, according to rumors, the cause for Silver Wing, Kong Kim, Fire Spirit and White Tiger to be significantly more potent than the other mutants was that they had eaten the fruits borne on a strange tree rather than that of a grass.

Therefore, the news that a new tree had been found to have the potential to bear such fruits prompted many to gird up their loins and be eager for action. They wanted to be the strongest of the pack. They wanted power to oppress the other mutants!

All of a sudden, Taihang Mountains became the focus of the world.

“The storm’s coming.”

Chapter 28: Combat Experience

Translator: Mike Editor: Chrissy

“The storm’s coming,” Chu Feng murmured. He dreamily stared out of a small window at the dark horizon. Occasionally, a shooting star streaked across the dark night. The sight was transitory and forgettable.

The mutants would surely converge here for the fruits that could mold an ordinary into a skilful fighter like Silver Wing, Kong Kim, Fire Spirit and White Tiger. How could this not perturb one’s mind and one’s desire?

For the truly skilful mutants, their arrival at Taihang Mountains could be imminent.

With each mutant crossing path with each other, fights would be inevitable. Some might achieve fame for the victory of one single battle, while others might have the fate of a shooting star. Their existence would be proven to be transitory, and their once-acquired superhuman abilities would soon be forgotten and lost in the depths of the mountains.

All in all, a storm seemed imminent.

“Is Lin Naoi also coming with the same purpose?” Chu Feng frowned. In the near future, this region would be bound to disturbances. Various beasts and birds of prey would no longer be the only latent danger creeping in the area, but the mutants who desired for fame and power would perhaps wreak a grander havoc than the indigenous inhabitants of the mountain.

He was aware that Deity Biomedical Group had always been a giant in its related field and industry. Nowadays, the inclusion of Silver Wing under its brand made it all the more invincible. Even an alliance of mutants could do little to challenge its position.

In a residence at a nearby town.

Ye Ge wore a sullen look on his face. Only moments earlier, he was accused by his superior for divulging the secrets about the tree in Taihang Mountains so soon to the outside world.

Qingyu Zhu did not look exactly joyous either. The consistent smile on her face disappeared. As a co-leader of her expedition team, she was held accountable for the incident too.

Deity Biomedical Group had been watching Taihang Mountains since a long while ago. They deployed a team of their best fighters and pinpointed the location of the strange tree.

But man made plans and God laughed. Who would have thought that the secrets would be exposed and be thoroughly known to the public before they could take any actions?

As a result of this unwanted exposure, their initial advantage started swaying further and further away from them as more and more mutants decided to join the competition. Fights for the fruits seemed all the more likely now.

So understandably, the top executives had become all raging and furious.

Zuo Jun clutched onto his communicator, glaring furiously at the screen. An extreme hatred for the person who was constantly calling him had surged up in him. When the call came, he would answer the call at once then hurl his raging invective at the person on the other side.

“Zuo Jun, wake the hell up!” Ye Ge snapped. He was a mild and placid man on his usual days, but today was clearly not that day. He was exacerbated. “You were traumatized by someone, so did you leak the information about our operation to that person before you lost your memory?”

Zuo Jun was astounded before his face turned pale as a sheet. He fiercely shook his head. He dared not to admit to such accusations, or there would be no good fate for him.

“Impossible! I’m not a weak-kneed and spineless person. I was free of my flesh as I fought, so how could I be a traitor and betray the company?” Zuo Jun was emotional. He stood up on his feet and roared, explaining himself.

“It’s impossible for us to leak the information either, so I suspect that it was the other two teams divulging our secrets.” Another mutant in the room echoed.

Although all of the teams were members of Deity Biomedical Group, the competition was fierce between them.

“Maybe it was leaked by some of our opposition forces, such as Bodhi Genes. Their members also recently came to Taihang Mountains,” Qingyu Zhu said.

Medicine was also one of the core businesses for Bodhi Genes. Similar to Deity Biomedical Group, they had also been the leading body of the field.

The company started with a hint of mystery attached to it. It was said that many old monks in their hundreds were invited in addition to many of the top experts at biomedical fields.

They used a number of advanced instruments ahead of its time to perform a variety of tests and examinations on the monks.

Later as the company gradually expanded, it became more and more famous and influential in this post-civilization era.

“I can’t believe these people could be brazen enough to step on the soil that we have claimed possession of,” a mutant expressed his discontent.

“Maybe they have sensed the advantage we have led here, therefore. they muddied the water by leaking the information to the public,” Qingyu Zhu said.

Many other mutants frowned. Bodhi Genes would be a formidable opponent if they also wanted a share of the spoils. They had recruited a team of invisible beasts as well. Kong Kim, for instance, would stand up to Silver Wing as an equal.

“Let this be the worry of our executives. We only need to deal with the issues we have been assigned with.” Ye Ge started to calm down.

They all knew that before long, hell would break loose amongst these mountains. Fights would be bloody, and no-one would walk out unscathed.

Qingyang Village. The yard.

Wind blew. Thunders rumbled. These were no longer the sounds of the nature, but the sheer disturbance in the air caused by the wavering of a man’s bare fists. Chu Feng was practicing boxing. His every move had become profoundly different. A mystical force formed a layer and enveloped his fists.

Petals and leaves swirled up as he faltered his fists.

Finally, with a soft roar came a plume of white smoke from within his nostrils and his mouth. The plume flew around the circumference of the yard before returning back to his body.

He mastered the eighth position of Demon Ox Boxing Style!

Even for Yellow Ox, the rate at which Chu Feng progressed seemed astounding.

However, on the days that followed, his progression ceased from cruising on. He toiled away for two consecutive days, but was still far from mastery. This last position was slightly different and slightly special. Its pattern and its rhythm did not chime in at all with the very first position of the style.

He halted his practice. He wanted a break. He went to the kitchen to prepare himself some treat for the progression he had achieved thus far.

However, the fridge was empty, and so was the freezer. There was only a beefsteak remaining, but if Yellow Ox had seen this, it would be more than likely for it to go berserk on him.

“No, I think this is the time for me to brace myself to the adventure into the great depths of Taihang Mountains!” Chu Feng was determined.

Nowadays, almost all supermarkets had been emptied by the surging crowd from the neighboring villages. Meat was nearly impossible to find.

There were a few bags of grains and cereals stored in the house, but his high demand for energy meant that these were not even nearly enough to sustain his everyday intake of food. He needed meat.

“Yellow Ox. Let’s move into the mountains!” Chu Feng shouted.

If he were to venture into the mountains, Yellow Ox would be an almost mandatory companion to bring along with. It came from these mountains, so it knew about the mountains better than anyone.

Yellow Ox coldly reacted. It moved sluggishly. The profound laziness that had developed in its temperament had paralyzed its limbs, robbing it of movement.

“Pork Chops, gone. Turkeys, gone. I think you will have to eat grasses from now on. So if you’re not coming, be my guest,” Chu Feng threatened.

Chu Feng’s threats were effective to say the least. They drove Yellow Ox immediately off the bed. It could not bear the ideas of a diet without meat.

Finally, it agreed to come with Chu Feng into the mountains.

Taihang Mountains spanned across the horizon. The ridges formed a continuous curve in the distance.

Chu Feng led this expedition dual in a due east direction. They cut through the orchid forest then entered the great mountain range right after a twenty-li trek through the jungle.

There had always been a lot of wild animals in the mountains. It was the law that prohibited the locals from hunting.

The mountains had been the ancient habitats for boars, leopards, macaques, roe deer, reindeer, badgers and etc. since the beginning of time. Of course, wolves were also amongst them.

With the speed that Chu Feng and Yellow Ox travelled, it did not take long for them to barge into the mountains.

Chu Feng was also quite meticulous to his surroundings on their way there. He checked on every tree and every bush to see if there were any strange fruits. All in all, this was a place where few people had trodden.

Sadly, nothing was found.

“Wait! Where are you going? It’s dangerous there!” Chu Feng suddenly halted his pace.

Yellow Ox rushed ahead towards a towering mountain in the distance. Mist wreathed the mountaintops where horrifying beastly roars originated. Occasionally, one could see a monstrous bird of prey encircling the mountains before disappearing in the misty fog high above.

Yellow Ox stood, feasting its eyes on the view, then signalled for Chu Feng to go there.

“It is a perilous place to go. There are too many ferocious animals there!” Chu Feng’s expression shifted.

He was aware that that very mountain was not part of Taihang Mountains in an ordinary sense. It came with the thousand other primitive mountains during the upheaval.

But admittedly, it was a truly majestic mountain. It could easily dwarf the Himalayas or the Everest. Its height could measure well beyond tens of thousands of meters as it pierced into the layer of cloud above.

Great trees of an ancient age soared into the sky. Vines had grown thick as a tree. Apes whistled as tigers roared, rendering the mountains all the more primitive.

Chu Feng stood far from the mountain, but he could feel a dreadful and horrific gusto of air that was suggestive of death and destruction blotting out the sky and covering up the earth. “Combat experience!” Yellow Ox wrote the two words on the soggy soil. It looked serious and solemn. This was the reason it brought Chu Feng here. It pointed out the issue that Chu Feng currently faced, and that was the lack of real combat experience.

Chu Feng’s expression slightly shifted. It suggested his hesitation. He had never planned to even go near the beasts and birds of prey that resided amongst the primitive mountains.

“Moo!” Yellow Ox urged.

“Okay, okay. I will listen to you this time!” Chu Feng gritted his teeth and agreed to accept the challenge. He knew Yellow Ox would not harm him by any means, and moreover, its suggestions were quite reasonable as well. Giving how close he was to the full mastery of Demon Ox Boxing Style, there was really nothing that should make him be worried or hesitant about.

Perhaps, Demon Ox Boxing Style came from an environment of such cruelty.

At last, they went near the mountain’s body. It was so vast and boundless that Chu Feng felt as if he had stepped onto the edge of a highland plateau of unmatched vastness.

The florist was verdant, but all were of the primitive type.

“They can’t get out, but I can go in?” Chu Feng asked.

Yellow Ox confirmed by nodding its head.

“Then, will I be able to come back out again?” Chu Feng was doubtful.

Yellow Ox nodded again. It assured him that as long as he was not killed by the beasts or the birds of prey, he could easily backtrack his trail and make his way out.

Chu Feng was in a daze. He could not understand the principle behind this, but on the other hand, Yellow Ox also refused to say anything anymore.

Although it was still quite a distance between him and the mountain, he could already see some of the ferocious beasts he had never even heard of before. Some had the body of a lion, but there were bony spurs growing along its spine. It was at least ten meters tall, striding across the forest.

Chu Feng swallowed hard and felt ever so daunted. "Am I even remotely a match to that monstrosity of a beast?" Chu Feng thought.

Yellow Ox enjoined him not to take on fights when he entered the forest. The most important task was to survive. He would need to ensure his safety first before attempting to hunt down any appropriate opponents.

Finally, Chu Feng stepped over the boundary of the mountain and entered a world of unknown.

He had a glimpse of the towering multitude of trees, and of the immense matted jungle. Great trees soared above to cut out most of the light, rendering the air below all the more chilling.

Yellow Ox warned him to move and walk in the way that was taught in the boxing style. He must tighten up his muscles and seal off the breath of his body.

Chu Feng followed its order then quickly departed from the position where he stopped.

Boom!

As expected, the forest was full of latent dangers. The flora in the distance rocked and waved before a beast with the size of a house and a body of a leopard suddenly emerged and pounced itself onto the spot where he just stood on. It had a pair of horns, and that made it all the more fearsome and ferocious than it already was.

In the distance, Chu Feng hid behind a bush of grasses, clearly catching everything in sight. The scene sent a chill up his spine.

He realized that there was still a lot he needed to learn. A primitive mountain like this one was truly capable of consolidating one's skills and instincts for survival. He could only qualify as a master of the skills he had after he left this mountain alive.

Chu Feng no longer repelled Yellow Ox's idea. He wanted to put all his heart and soul into this invaluable training session to steel himself to be the strong man he longed for.

The time for a total war between mutants was about to come. Therefore, despite the profound risks that were associated with this expeditionary adventure, it was also a chance for him to transform qualitatively into a totally different person. It would train him well for the challenges to come.

A fist-sized spider suddenly cropped out in front of Chu Feng as he walked through the jungle.

Pong!

Without a second to spare, he threw a punch right into the flimsy body of that damnable spider. Blood spattered at once.

He quickly examined his fist, worried that it might be poisonous.

Yellow Ox sluggishly shook its head, meaning that he did not need to be worried, and that Demon Ox Boxing Style was much stronger than he thought.

Chu Feng ran into many monstrous looking beasts on the way. Once, he was almost tackled by a twenty-meter bird of prey. Admittedly, it was an alarmingly dangerous situation.

The bird had a body saturated in blazing flames. It crashed into a rocky cliff as it chased Chu Feng. The cliff was then melted by the bird's inferno blaze.

It was unbelievably dangerous here!

Chu Feng did not go toe-to-toe with the bird. He disappeared from the bird's sight after scurrying further into the depths of the jungle.

As he passed by an oddly quiet section of the jungle, his instinct told him that more than likely, a ferocious beast would jump out at him at any moment.

Here could well be the nest of a fear-inspiring beast, daring other less ferocious animals to approach

All was ever so unsettling, simply because it was too quiet.

However, Yellow Ox insisted to keep walking forward.

Suddenly, the scene he caught in sight made his hair stand on the end. He saw a tiger with a body thoroughly composed of white fur. There was not even a streak of marking consisted of fur in a different color. Its body was more than six meters in length, and its claws were cutting sharp, glittering with a cold and piercing gleam.

"It's not a tiger!"

The beast had three tails. Every single one of them was shining with glittering luster. With a light stroke, the tail turned a boulder into a thousand pieces!

Yellow Ox wrote on the ground. "This is our dinner."

Chu Feng's eyes were widened in disbelief. What a monstrous beast this was! "This is for dinner? You kidding me?" Chu Feng whispered in a voice quivering with fear.

This is for dinner! That's right!

Yellow Ox seemed certain. It solemnly nodded, signalling for him to fling himself upon the beast and kill it!

This was a relatively open area. Neither plants nor trees were obstructing his view or in the way of his movement. The ground was dry and firm instead of soggy and soft. There was a cave engraved on the cliff, and that was obviously the nest of this monster.

Meanwhile, this six-meter monster opened its inexorable eyes, looking over at Chu Feng. It sensed his intrusion.

"Roar!" With an ear-piercing howl that caused an earthquake and tottered the hills, it turned into a dazzling flicker of white glint, pouncing itself at Chu Feng at a lightning speed. All happened so fast, and all escalated so quickly. The wind suddenly turned foul. It had an offensive smell of blood, which was suggestive of a sanguinary slaughter.

"I'll take my fist and ram it down your sassy throat!" Chu Feng shouted. He gritted his teeth, greeting the charging beast with his iron fist.

Chapter 29: Return of the Untamed

Translator: Mike Editor: Chrissy

Chu Feng blared and yelled as he charged at the beast.

He could feel the adrenaline pumping as his heart rapidly thumped in his chest. The speed at which the blood flowed in his veins drastically increased!

As a citizen of the modern society, there had never been a situation like this happening to him before. This was the first time in his life where he came toe-to-toe, face-to-face against a giant beast. To adapt to this nerve-wrecking moment, his body immediately adjusted its internal biology in response to this death-or-alive situation.

"Roar..."

The six-meter beast lunged at Chu Feng, brandishing its cutting claws that were sharp as a sickle. The beast flung and swung its trusty claws, desperately attempting to rip the face of this daring intruder.

Chu Feng leapt and hopped, steered clear of the bouncing beast. Before having known the actual strength of his opponent, Chu Feng dared not to confront the tough with toughness. The superhuman agility of his body now came in handy as he nimbly skipped aside. The beast's claws glanced off his shoulder, but Chu Feng's rapid movement ensured that he could always went back to safety unharmed.

Crack!

Sparkles spattered as the beast landed its claws on a rigid rock, leaving many deep groove marks on its slick and glossy surface. This was just to showcase how sharp and deadly his claws were.

If those claws were to land on an ordinary person, the poor old soul would certainly have their legs cut off just below the crutch and would die a violent death at once.

Ong!

The air exploded. The beast flung its three formidable tails that are both strong and stiff. It was as rigid as an iron rod!

Chu Feng managed to dodge the fatal swing. The tail landed on a tree instead, and with a clear, sharp crack, its trunk snapped upon impact. The tree fractured then solemnly tumbled with a blaring boom.

Chu Feng was dumbstruck. As a man living in a modern society, he had never seen a beast of such strength and of such valor.

Although all kinds of strange occurrences had cropped up during the upheaval, he had seldom seen many of the events that had occurred, let alone fighting a beast with his bare hands.

The beast was called the three-tailed tiger. It was a variant of a giant tiger. As the name suggested, the beast had three tails. Their bodies were generally giant to say the least. On average, they could measure up to seven meters in length.

It possessed all the available powers of a giant tiger. All of the three tails were stiff and firm like iron rods. The beast could easily split a rocky cliff or snap a person's body in half.

“Roar!”

The bestial howl trembled the sky and quivered the forest.

The beast thrust itself onto Chu Feng once again. It opened its bloody mouth which could easily swallow an adult human whole. Its fangs were more than two feet long. They shone with a chilling luster.

Chu Feng evaded the attack once again. Had it not been that Chu Feng had a speed twelve times faster than an ordinary human being, the thrust of this wild beast could well end up with him being gulped by the beast.

“Moo!”

In the far distance, Yellow Ox growled, urging Chu Feng to start attacking and not to be afraid.

“Come on! You bloody bastard! I’m not afraid of you! Come on!” Chu Feng was desperate. He would just have to risk it. He roared like the beast, trembling the forest as well.

His previous defensive maneuvers allowed him to give a rough estimate of the beast’s strength and power. He realized that after all, despite the fearsome look of its cutting claws, the strength and the power that the beast possessed were in fact much less fiercer than his.

“So what exactly am I afraid of? Come on!”

He settled himself into the first position of Demon Ox Boxing Style. His fists were enveloped with a mystical layer of force. After a roar of anger, he charged ahead.

A black yak emerged behind his back. It was the same yak with the same formidable black body. Its dark pupils glared with raging fury. Its pair of tremendous horns pointed towards the vault of heaven. It had a primeval look that made it seem all the more likely that it had come from time immemorial!

“Moo!”

The blaring bellow trembled the forest. Innumerable leaves rustled down, dancing in the air.

The beast was taken aback. The unadulterated white fur on its back stood on end. The beast arched its back, on the alert and combat-ready. It was prepared to respond to any challenges with its swiftest and fiercest attack.

Pong!

Chu Feng landed his fearsome jab on target. As the red marking left by the blow slowly expanded on the skin of the beast, the black yak hovering behind his back began its action. It raised its head, upturning its horns towards the vault of heaven. It shifted like a black bolt of lightning strike, fiercely charging ahead.

The beast opened its bloodthirsty mouth, clapping and spanking its gigantic claws. Clearly, the agitated beast had determined to call forth all its energy and to devote every effort to rip the flesh and drain the blood of its opponent.

The battleground was ringing with the rumbles of the fight. The earth turbulently quivered as the fight carried on. Although the size of the beast and that of the man carried a tremendous contrast, the difference in the actual strength of each respective individual was almost minimal.

“Roar...”

The beast growled in agony. Clearly, it had not anticipated for itself to be injured by an opponent so despicable in size. It staggered and stumbled as it hurriedly retreated. However, its limping limbs made it tumble in the end.

Chu Feng had gained the upper hand, but this did not stop the giant yak from resuming its action. It rammed and packed forcibly into the beast, tumbling the great beast once again.

As the vivid projection of the giant yak dissipated, Chu Feng slammed both of his fists onto the claws of the beast. A wound opened on the claw under the forceful impact, and blood oozed out. Chu Feng then brought the other hand of his into action. He jabbed, dug and punched, snapping the beast's buck teeth and fractured its backbones.

Chu Feng had perfectly impersonated the essentials of the first position of Demon Ox Boxing Style. He had summoned the ultimate godly spirit that belonged to the style. The black yak emerged as a spiritual figure, hauling an immense amount of force and power into the human body of Chu Feng. Together, their strengths were many times greater than that of the beast.

The forest had become a gory scene. Blood were mixed with pieces of fractured bones and teeth. They looked like shiny daggers, bright as snow.

Blood was streaming out of the beast's mouth. It sprung up quickly, but its face had become taut and terrified. The unbridled arrogance had long disappeared.

The beast stared at Chu Feng with a cruel glitter in its eyes. It arched its back and buried its punctured claws under the soil. It bared its fractured buckteeth. These were no signs of fear or horror. It was accumulating strength in its torso and its limbs, prepared for a final blow.

The beast came as a descendant of the species of white tiger. It belonged to the fiercest race of tiger. They were born with cruelty and ferocity trickling in their blood, so under normal circumstances, they would not bow in defeat to their opponent. They were bloodthirsty for a fight, and they would not quit until one of the two parties died.

“Come! Come practice boxing with me!”

Chu Feng was fearless. He took the initiative and charged at the beast with an assailing move. He waved his fists in an organized pattern with each position perfectly matching the styles he had already known by heart.

Pong, pong, pong...

The forest was rattling with beating thumps and hissing cries. Chu Feng was ceaseless in his fist movements. It was a pitched battle between a man and a beast. Chu Feng progressed his boxing style all the way up to the eighth position.

During the sequence of combats, Chu Feng found himself more and more skilled and more and more relaxed.

If the fight had continued, the beast would have already stricken dead, but in order to steel himself to become more adept at a more systematic boxing style, he decided to reserve some of his power and drag out the fight for even longer.

Pong!

The beast's formidable tails stroke again, but they were unpleasantly greeted by Chu Feng with his hardened fists. Chu Feng gave in a deadly blow, almost snapping one of the three tails in an instant. Blood sprayed and spattered.

He frowned, then he retreated a few steps back.

His power and his skills had allowed him to own the beast in this fight, he was, however, not at all accustomed to the blood and gore that the scene had turned into. As a citizen of a civilized society, he was not born for killing.

However, the beast belonged to the wilderness. Regardless of how Chu Feng wanted to withdraw from the fight and spare its life, the beast seemed to have a different agenda of its own. It roared then fiercely attacked in retaliation. Equipped with its bloodthirsty mouth and its cutting claws, it pounced on Chu Feng again after getting beaten off.

Chu Feng was still in a daze, but before he could recollect himself and react to the beast's retaliation, the claws had almost landed on his face. He hastily shunned away. It was genuinely a close call.

Chu Feng's blood began running cold. He roared and growled in fury, releasing the primitive savagery within him. He leaped up with a skip, pouncing his fists onto the wounded body of the beast.

Pong, pong, pong!

Finally, the fight ended with three consecutive strikes. Each landed on the claws, the skull and the chest respectively. He pulverized the claws, splintered the skull and penetrated the chest. The beast died a gory death.

The six-meter beast finally rested in peace. Blood was surging out of its chest through a gaping hole dripping with blood.

This time, Chu Feng did not hedge against the outburst of blood. He stood beside the lifeless corpse, allowing the boiling blood of the beast to scald and to stain his body. His body was calm, and his heart was open. He remained composed, as if he was receiving some sort of baptism.

It was not savagery or cruelty. This was not a sacrificial rite either. The spewing blood was the key to unlock his primitive instinct for survival, and also the key to raise it to a higher level.

Chu Feng could feel the ancient indigenous people to this land passing by. He was just like them, fighting and killing beasts of prey then bathing in the hot blood of their quarry. They fought and killed for the odds of survival.

He stood riveted to the ground. It was some minutes before he could finally collect himself.

Yellow Ox had come near the yield of their hunt. It urged him to tow away the corpse at once.

Chu Feng knew that he should not linger here for longer than he needed. The thick smell of blood could easily attract the carnivores and the scavengers. He dragged the three-tailed beast, scurrying along the path where they came from.

Despite the unparalleled speed at which they travelled, the two were still hunted on their way out.

The foul smell of scented blood allured many beasts of prey along the way. Behind the verdant dense leaves of the virgin forest, pairs after pairs of horrifying eyes opened. They looked over to the direction of the smell then rashly chased after.

A journey of battles!

Fortunately, they were near the outer-ring of the thickly forested mountains, and nothing overly terrifying had come in their way.

Event of profound peril occurred just when they were about to leave the mountain. A giant black hand with the size of three average-sized rooms came down from heaven. It swatted down with a horrific force.

Boom! The hand landed, trembling the entire forest like a violent earthquake!

At the same time, almost half of the torso of the dead beast was turned into slush and slime. Blood and flesh splashed in all directions, forming a scene even more horrifying than the gory battleground.

“Moo!”

Yellow Ox kicked up its heels as it hurriedly dashed out of the mountain.

Chu Feng was still clutching onto the smaller half of the corpse. His body was saturated in blood, but right now, he could care no less about his bloodstained image. In his hurry to flee, Chu Feng tossed and rolled before finally tumbling across the boundary of this deadly mountain.

Fortunately, they were only meters away from the mountain pass. They had avoided death, but only just.

That thrilling scene had really made his hair stand on end. What kind of monster was that?

It had the size of a hill, so it was a genuine monstrosity when compared to other animals. It had a humanoid shape. Its body was jet-black with hair as long as six feet. Its hands were of no exception either. Black hair also grew profusely on them.

This beast had lunged itself at the dual, almost squashing them with its abnormally big hands.

It had stood up. Its towering torso was at least two hundred meters tall. The beast had the size of a mountain and eyes of a moon. It glared at the two with a chilling glitter in its eyes.

However, it did not barge out of the mountain. It stood there for a while then slowly retreated. The forest quivered as it stepped back. Leaves rustled down the forest trees.

Chu Feng could fairly catch sight of the beast as it stepped further into the depths of the primitive mountains, eventually disappearing behind the mountain he was at.

Chu Feng gazed into the distance for a long while. His clothes and his body were soaked in blood and cold sweat.

At last, he lowered his head and noticed that the prey he had hunted was only left with two hind legs and a minute section of its fragmented torso. Most part of it had degraded into mud of blood when the hand descended from heaven to earth.

“What monster was that? We almost became mud of blood and flesh too.” Chu Feng panicked in fear. He still felt that his body was stiff and cold.

“God of Black Apes.” Yellow Ox scribbled down these words. Then, it etched another line of words. “After a year or so, I will kill it.”

Although the corpse was only left with two hind legs, it still weighed at least hundreds of kilos. Chu Feng shouldered the lump of meat, briskly hurrying home. The meat was cleaned and trimmed in a short and procedural fashion. Chu Feng skinned the legs then dissected them with his black dagger. Finally, he stuffed everything into a freezer.

“Finally, I can take a break at home for the next few days.” Chu Feng sighed in relief.

Yellow Ox shook its head, solemnly telling him that going into the mountains would become a daily routine from now on.

Chu Feng was first astounded, then he nodded his head in agreement. He knew that by hardening himself in the mountains, he could learn to tackle all kinds of dangers. In doing so, he could potentially change qualitatively.

Right now, for instance, he felt that his disposition, his courage and his experience had all increased and improved quantitatively. Overall, he had become a better man equipped with better skills.

Chu Feng knew that as the change in this world started to intensify and aggravate, the reclamation of some of his primitive savagery would be necessary for a future world.

Otherwise, he would have to wait passively until the future rolled in. When a cruel and odious environment like that in the mountain became a general theme across the world, he would have to exchange more of his sweat, blood or even life for the invaluable experiences to survive.

For the following few days, Chu Feng braced himself into the mountains everyday. There, he practiced his boxing style and steeled himself to become accustomed to the cruelty of the wilderness.

His fist started to drive more power and strength. His comprehension of the first eighth positions had become increasingly comprehensive and thorough. Meanwhile, he had also developed a brand new strand of understanding of the boxing style on his own. These, together, had drastically improved the force and power he could harness for his boxing style.

Later, he also mastered the ninth and the final position of Demon Ox Boxing Style. His mastery was achieved as he fought and killed a bird of prey with a body ten meters in length. The fight had allowed him to unlock greater might and higher power.

Buddha threw the elephant!

As far as Chu Feng was concerned, this was not only a mythology; it was a reality that became possible when a human body had reached a certain level of strength. He wanted a firsthand experience of this great extension of human ability!

Chapter 30: The Treasure of Demon Ox

Translator: Mike Editor: Chrissy

Chu Feng roamed wild in the primitive mountains, haunting the homes that belonged to the indigenous inhabitants. The process felt very much like a qualitative transformation for him. Once, he had been a nervous novice at fighting and combat. The mere sight of blood alone could have made his sweat turn cold. Gradually, he grew into a calm, composed and impassive killer. He could survive in the wilderness and battle the beasts that claimed to be his enemy.

His practice of Demon Ox Boxing Style was an incessant effort. After days of consolidation, he finally grasped all nine positions of the style and claimed mastery of them.

Trees were dense and verdant in the mountains. Their very existence reflected the old age and the primitive nature of these mountains. Their great height blotted out the sky and covered the sun, and underneath on the mushy soil in between the solid woods of the jungle, Chu Feng scurried off into the depths of these mountains. This time, Yellow Ox did not follow. He was by himself.

“Garrr...”

It was the whistle of a bird. The howl blared and blasted like a thunder-gust. The sound resonated and rang in Chu Feng’s ears. Suddenly, a black bird of prey hastily dove down, fluttering its wings to swirl up a gust of evil wind.

The bird’s feathers all had an unadulterated black color. The bird measured at least ten meters in length. Its body gleamed a biting cold metallic luster, as if it had been cast with black gold. It had a pair of pointed talons. They were as cutting as a sharp dagger.

Clonk!

Chu Feng evaded its down thrust, staying hidden behind a giant boulder. To his surprise, the cutting talons of the bird grabbed onto the boulder and shattered it with ease. The bird had a horrifying strength.

The sheer size of it could easily allow the bird to hunt on elephants!

Gales blasted as it dove again. It seemed to have totally ignored the trees that were in the way. Its black feathers were firm as a real steel, riving the branches as it glanced off. The withered leaves plummeted in a flurry.

Chu Feng was fearless. After days of practice, he felt like he had been reborn. He had cast off his old self and took on a new identity. He was even calmer and more dauntless every time he returned to this lot of primitive lands.

The area had become the scene of a fierce fighting in almost a minute.

At last, Chu Feng leaped into the air, greeting the fierce bird in mid-air.

It was this moment that Chu Feng proved his dominance with his powerful boxing style. His fists were unstoppable, razing everything in their way. Finally, both of his fists landed on the bird's chest with a blaring boom.

The gold-like feathers at the chest of the bird were suddenly blasted away. The feathers sprung to the sky then aimlessly descended, plummeting to the ground.

The bird made a piercing shrill. The jarring noise was grating on the ear, almost penetrating Chu Feng's eardrums in the process.

Puff!

Its chest collapsed then ruptured. A gaping hole emerged as blood gushed out of the wound.

The colossal corpse of the bird plunged towards the earth into its demise. It crashed on the soggy soil, trembling the earth around it. Trees from the surroundings violently quivered as giant mountain boulders rolled down the hills due to the impact.

Chu Feng bathed in the blood of the lifeless bird. He stood there still, calmly watching as all of these happened.

Then, he took segments of the bird's flesh then scurried away into the distance.

"Let me taste the meat quality of a bird today."

At home, he cleaned and trimmed the meat with his black dagger. The meat was then stewed, braised and fried into a variety of dishes.

"What a treat!" Chu Feng gasped in admiration.

Most importantly, the meat of the wild beasts had also proven to be an amazing reservoir of power and godly strength. They could well replenish the needs of Chu Feng's body while empowering him as he practiced boxing at the same time.

“Moo!”

The meat seemed to have served as a quite satisfactory treat to Yellow Ox as well. His stomach had become bloated with the meat it consumed. There was a substantial growth in the circumference of its waist after days of edacious carnivorous meals.

“I’ve treated you well, so when you are home alone, promise me that you will behave yourself,” Chu Feng said to Yellow Ox after having eaten his fill, “I will have to go and share some of these meat with Grandpa Zhao, so I will put you in charge of the order of this house.”

“Moo!” Yellow Ox agreed.

For the past few days, Uncle Liu from the thrift shop and Grandpa Zhao from the weaponry workshop each had received an abundant supply of the beasts’ meat. The unparalleled quality of the meat prompted both of them into a profuse raving of praises. “What a marvellous taste this has!” They applauded in astonishment.

But unquestionably, Chu Feng dared not to admit that these were indeed the flesh of a brutally murdered beast which had once been the king that haunted the nearby mountains.

The sky turned dark. Chu Feng joyously returned to the yard of his house with a skip and a hop while carrying another two bags of cooked meat. His subconsciousness led him to the parterre where the seeds grew. He checked the place almost twice a day.

Unfortunately, no sprouts could be seen.

Yellow Ox saw Chu Feng looking over at it again, feeling rather uneasy. It always had a suspicion that Chu Feng was concocting some sort of malicious intents. Its eyes rounded with doubts and cynicism, then it scurried hastily back into its room, slamming the door behind it.

“Do you really think I have to use your dung to nourish my plants? Perhaps except for dragon dung, there are no other beasts whose excretion I could not find, collect and use for the benefit of my agricultural planting. Had it not been that I was afraid that using an animal’s excrements might potentially defile Tsi Wang Mu and the Fairy of Ninth Heaven, I would have acted a long time ago!” Chu Feng said, then he burst into laughter.

“Moo!”

The whole house trembled from Yellow Ox’s angry bellow.

Chu Feng disregarded its objection, turning his back and pacing onto the quiet street.

When he returned, it was already late at night. The moon was lit, but the stars were scarce. Uncle Liu and Grandpa Zhao both kept him for dinner with a few shots.

Chu Feng's house was only a short distance away when his slightly tipsy mind was suddenly awoken by a sphere of golden luster floating in the distance. Obviously, it was the golden body of Yellow Ox. Lurking and sneaking around like a ghost, the calf exited the yard in a furtive manner.

It moved and acted like a thief. It stopped, gazing left and right, before it went off into the orchid farm at a glance.

Chu Feng stayed hidden in a dark corner of the street. He was quite surprised by the calf's stealthy actions. "What on earth is this guy hiding away from me?"

Curiosity drove him into action. He tightened his breath and his body like the way Yellow Ox had taught him to prevent the activities of qi from escaping his body. Then, in an equally stealthy manner, he followed after Yellow Ox.

As expected, Yellow Ox had some quite treacherous looks. It was extremely careful. It looked around to check its surroundings at a quite frequent interval. Sometimes, it would abruptly turn its head around to check its six, as if it was afraid that someone had followed its track.

"Something odd is happening here!"

Chu Feng murmured. His suspicion felt increasingly confirmed. He knew that Yellow Ox must have been into something secretive, something clandestine, and something dangerously underhanded. Otherwise, why would it have been so careful?

Unquestionably, it was afraid that Chu Feng could be potentially tailing after it.

Chu Feng had to slow his pace as he tried to increase the distance between them. He knew that Yellow Ox had an inherent instinct that was of profound acuteness. If their distance was kept too close, he would soon be discovered by the calf.

Recently, after accomplishing a full mastery of the boxing style, an acute instinct had also developed as part of his senses. Even if a beast was distant or out of sight, he could still sense its existence and its movement beforehand.

This felt more like an instinctive reaction that had always been inherent to a human being!

Having increased their distance to one that he felt was far enough, Chu Feng ascertained that Yellow Ox would by no means realize his unwanted involvement in its secretive business. He evenly paced his steps at this distance, calmly tailing after it. He could only vaguely see a dim golden sphere walking ahead of him.

Finally, Yellow Ox ceased at a random spot in the orchid farm. It abruptly turned its head around again, confirming whether or not someone had followed it.

“What an overly prudent bastard!” Chu Feng silently cursed, “And what has made it so prudent?” He hastened to hide behind the trunk of an ancient tree, staying motionless.

Moments later, Chu Feng noticed that Yellow Ox was digging a hole there, then it seemed like it was hiding something into the gaping hole.

“Is this bastard hiding something and not letting me know? You son of a...” Chu Feng gritted his teeth in anger and enmity, but he kept his composure, silently and patiently waiting behind the tree for the calf to leave the site.

Yellow Ox seemed quite contented. God knew what it had hidden down there, but the action did seem to have very much pleased it. It joyously embarked upon its homeward journey while humming a cheerful tune.

“Bastard! You are NOT hiding things from me! I will take everything you’ve hidden there and make you find no places to cry. I will bust your sorry arse!”

Chu Feng was inwardly plotting a revengeful scheme, smiling complacently at his own cleverness.

It was a conceivable scene to imagine that one day, when Yellow Ox returned to reclaim what it had buried, it would discover that the site had become as bare as the palm of its hooves. Surely, this would send it to a raging fury, and Chu Feng would only need to pretend as an innocent onlooker as the calf hopped in madness.

“Hahaha!” The more he pictured the scene, the more amused he felt. He waited until Yellow Ox had completely disappeared into the distance. He slowly came out of his cover, prepared to dig up the treasure.

He could rest assured that for someone who was as picky as Yellow Ox, the things they valued would most likely to be of profound value and worth.

“Did it manage to find something behind my back as we went to the primitive mountain a few days ago? Why did it not tell me?” Chu Feng questioned.

Suddenly, he heard a noise coming from the distance. Although it was a relatively distant sound, but his superhuman hearing had made him aware of the commotion happening in the proximity.

It was already late at night, so who would still come to the orchid farm? Aware of this fact, he became all the more vigilant.

He retreated back to the old tree and calmed himself once again. He tightened his muscle to seal off all activities of qi in his body. The darkness of the night became his camouflage, allowing him to blend into the surrounding scenery.

In mid-air, a giant bat emerged, then it slowly descended above the orchid farm.

Chu Feng was taken aback!

Then, he frowned. He realized it was not a bat, but a man who had features that made him look like a giant bat. It fluttered its featherless wings, slowly and silently descending.

At the same time, there was also a woman vertically below him. She travelled like a gust of wind, arriving at the site almost simultaneously as the batman appeared in mid-air.

The batman had a benevolent countenance. His face was pretty too. He landed at where Yellow Ox had hidden its treasure.

The woman, in comparison, looked rather plain and ordinary. She looked not as stunning as the man, but she had plenty of make-ups. Her vermilion lips looked bright as a rising sun, and her smoky eyes looked black as a nimbus cloud. In the darkness of the night, she cladded in a jarringly white dress, making her even more of a trifle out of place.

“What was that thing that just passed by? Vaguely, I can tell it is a golden ox, but how did it come here?”

The two stood there and whispered to one another.

“I saw it going in the direction of Qingyang Village.”

“Oh, so it went to the same town as where our target, Chu Feng, lives?”

In the distance, Chu Feng could vividly hear the content of their whisper. His heart shrank at once. Why did these two come for him? What did they want?

“I can’t believe you asked me to come with you just for an ordinary person, but no matter what, I will kill him tonight!” the man said. His face turned cold. Murder was written all over his face.

“That golden creature had dug a hole, and it seemed like it has hidden something around here. How about we check it out. Maybe today is our lucky day, and who knows what treasures we will find!” The woman ran her fingers through her hair, giving a winsome smile. She seemed to have deemed the task of killing Chu Feng as a mere trifle, so understandably, she was more interested in finding out what treasures had been buried on the ground. With grace and delicacy, she squatted down on her heels.

She looked like someone who was compulsively neat and clean, but right now, all of her fingers were drenched in soggy mud.

“Let’s divide evenly if we find anything good,” the man said.

Chu Feng calmly watched in the darkness. He did not choose to step in to impede their efforts. The opportunity for him to intervene had not yet come. As their common enemy, he knew that there would be a better time for him to initiate an attack.

A scuffling noise sounded as the woman dug up the dirt. Her pair of bright eyes betrayed the high expectation she had. Clearly, she had seen this opportunity as the prospect of an easy profit.

Chu Feng frowned upon his decision to hold back for a temporal moment, but after careful deliberations, he became less worried. He knew that Yellow Ox’s belongings would still not be lost even if he sprang into action later. Things that required careful planning and good timing was better to be done later than sooner.

“Ah...”

The woman vented out a piping outcry. The noise was especially piercing under the coverage of a dark night.

She swung and flung her hands like a mad man who had just woken from a terrible dream, then she desperately rubbed and scrubbed her hands against the batman, looking ever so frantic and delirious.

“What the hell are you doing!” Obviously, the batman had seen what the woman had dug up. He burst into raging fury almost in an instant. He rapidly retreated back. He seemed so disgusted that he burst into an episode of painful retching and kecking.

“Cow dung! All there were was sh*t in there!”

The woman wailed a piercing cry. She frantically swung her arms and hands as if she had been hypnotized by an evil spirit of some sort. She scrubbed her hands with leaves and pieces of tree trunk. In the end, she gave in and started retching as well.

In the distance, Chu Feng was dumbstruck in astonishment.

At this moment, his brain rapidly operated, trying to make sense of these all.

It took him a while before he could finally understand the implication. “Motherfxcker... what a close call!”

“Yellow Ox! You were so full of sh*t!” Chu Feng silently cursed.

The very thought that he might have become the victim instead made him break out in a cold sweat. What a frightening scene that would be!

Chu Feng wiped away the cold sweat again. God knew how many times he had silently cursed at Yellow Ox in his heart. He was also baffled. For what did Yellow Ox have to take such secretive measures in ensuring that his answering to the call of nature would not be seen by others? It could easily take a dump in his yard, and that would even prove as beneficial to both parties.

All in all, doing pieces of mischief seemed just like a second nature for Yellow Ox! It was indeed a bastard after all!

But at last, he came to a realization. It was his frequent mentioning of cow dung for the past few weeks that might have inflicted trauma on the calf's mental psychology, so this was the measure that it had taken to guard against him!

"Bastard!"

Having linked everything together, Chu Feng became truly speechless. He was at a loss whether to laugh or to cry. Between him and Yellow Ox, it felt like Chu Feng had done more harm to the calf than the other way around.

In the distance, the woman was still struggling to restrain from the extreme disgust she unfairly received from her treasure hunting endeavor. She could not hold back the relentless retching. The kecking sound was accompanied by her disgusted shrill. Her life had become all a misery.

The batman also had a streak of dry coughs. Then, with great resolve, he riven and rent the clothes that had been daubed with animal excrement. Obviously, he was not impressed.